april 2008

garnish

A Taste of Elegance

Chocolate

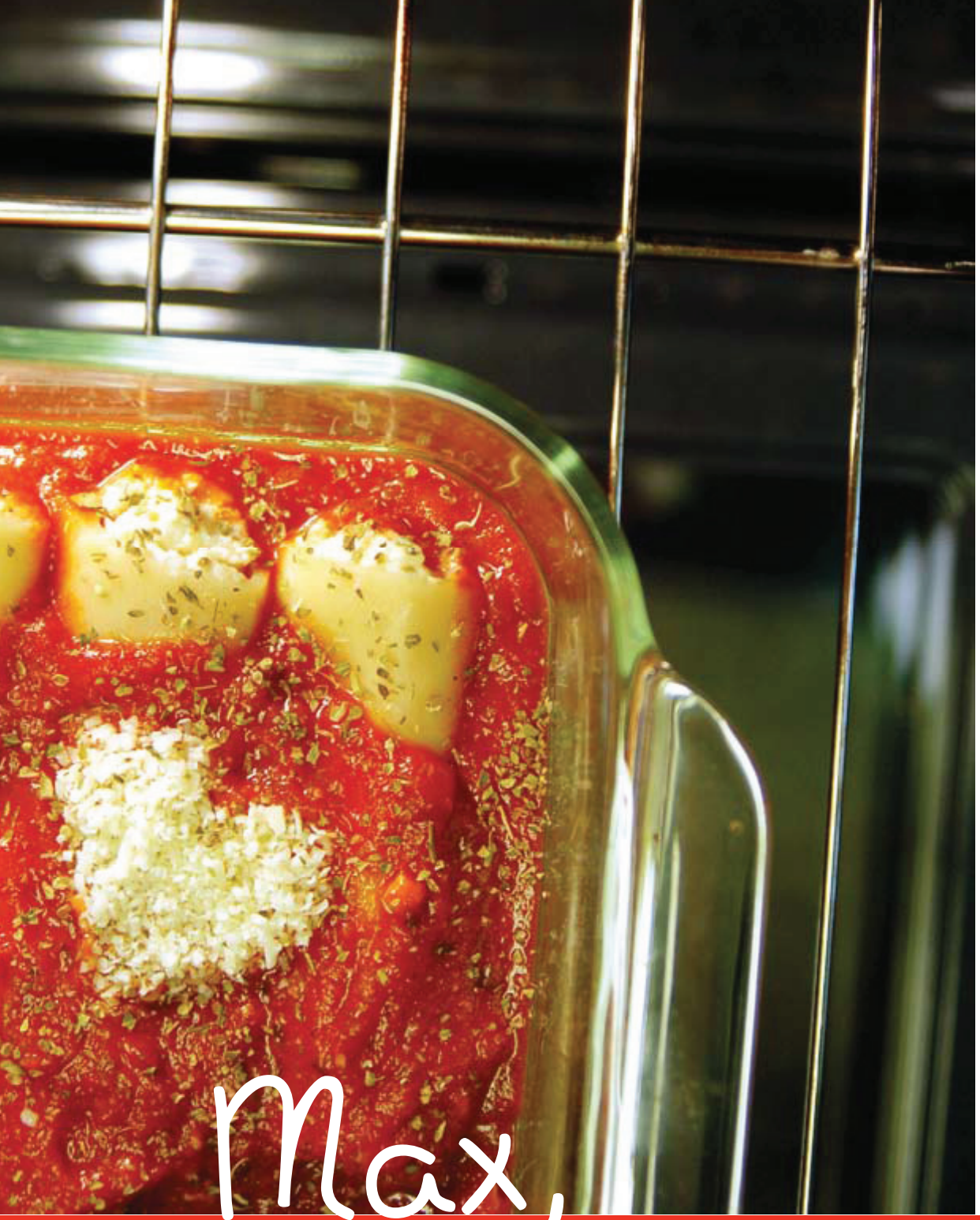
We've picked our favorites! See if you agree 32

Honey's Secret Benefits

50

Coconut Cake,

Shrimp Skewers, and Risotto: April's Meal of the Month Recipes Inside! 8



Max,

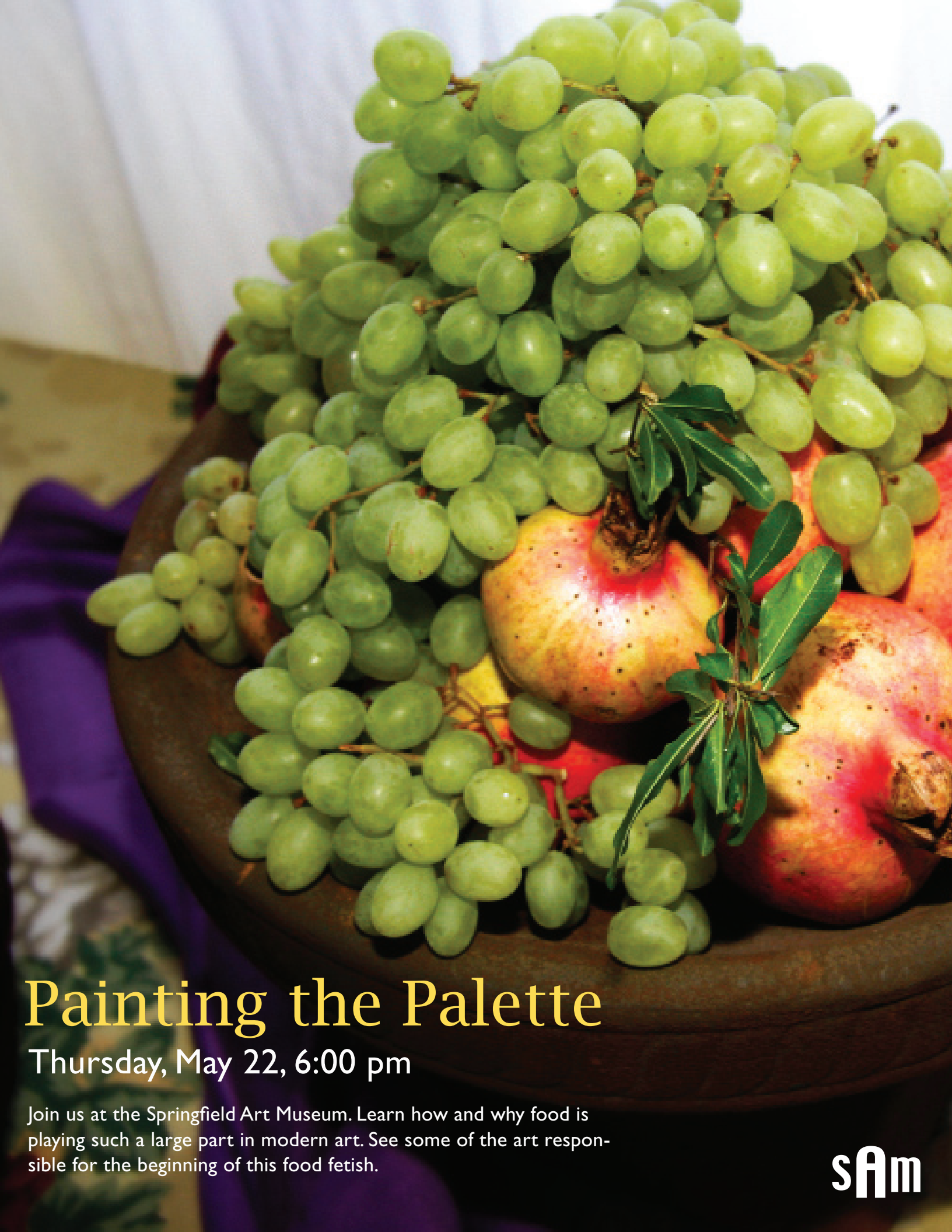
I guessed you'd be starving after the game. It's tough, being a star, I know :)

You can compliment my impressive culinary skills tomorrow!

♡♡ Hearts ♡♡

Jenna

Good for the heart.



Painting the Palette

Thursday, May 22, 6:00 pm

Join us at the Springfield Art Museum. Learn how and why food is playing such a large part in modern art. See some of the art responsible for the beginning of this food fetish.

sAm

garnish

A Taste of Elegance

april 2008

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Cover photo by Kaitlyn Tolman

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from the editor

I've always been stingy about my food. Indeed, as the youngest of five children, I quickly demonstrated my understanding that it was "eat or be eaten."

I illustrated my understanding as a three-year-old when I once fiercely safeguarded my precious candy bar from my tyrant mother, who had so lovingly given it to me. Historically, when we Olsen children were met with the dilemma of sharing a candy bar with our mother, our tactic was to strategically place each thumb at the desired distance from the end of the bar to prevent Mother from taking more than her "fair share." This, of course, never worked; Mom would simply feign biting off our thumbs until we recoiled in horror and let her take her bite. Unlike my less-creative siblings, however, I learned from my initial mistake: one fateful time when my mother asked for a precious bite of *my* candy, I simply broke off a microscopic allowance and went on eating. She stared at the piece on her finger (it was that small), and then stared at me in alarm. This instance earned me the distinction of being called, "You stingy child!"

In my teens, however, I discovered the joys of cooking . . . and of sharing. One day in high school, after a successful Café la Bleu lunch period—the Advanced Cooking class's experimental café, open during lunch on Thursdays—my friend told me that the coconut ice cream I had made was "like a party" in her mouth. She even did a little dance to illustrate. This experience and others made me smile at the delight I had imparted; they made me realize that great food could provide an added dimension of joy to the common life. And they made me want to be one to add joy to the lives of others through great food.

I still tend to preciously guard my food, and I glare at my husband anytime he takes more than three bites of my meal. But the notion of imparting joy through sharing food is working a change in me. My joy comes in watching those I love take a bite, close their eyes, sigh their approval, and smile at me. I usually save my first bite until after I see their reactions, and I'm always on the lookout for recipes that my husband, mother, father, siblings, and even grandparents will enjoy.

So when the idea to produce a food magazine was proposed in the BYU "Editing for Publication" course, I became thrilled with the opportunities that such a publication would provide as an outlet for my obsession to create and share good food. And I wasn't the only one who was thrilled. Every

class member was alive with ideas; soon we were all "oohing" and "aahing" over ideas for features, departments, photos, designs, and—most importantly—recipes. We decided that we wanted the publication to focus on bringing people together, because good food not only adds color to life, but it also colors the gatherings that develop human relationships; it is the one thing that can always bring people together. And with just a little extra work, it can make those gatherings all the more memorable.

With care and excitement, we bring you *Garnish*, a magazine for people who love food. Everything here is meant to augment your life through your association with food. It provides tips and ideas, intellectual stimulation, and even new ways to think of old favorites—like honey and chocolate. This is the first issue and, because it is a college project, it may very well be the last. As a staff, we have planned it as if it wasn't the end; we wish it could go on. But most of all, we hope you who read it will find it useful and enjoyable and love reading it as much as we have loved creating it.

Bon appétit,

Kate

dinner in a hurry

Do you find your food budget dwindles faster than you anticipate and your body suffers the consequences? Have you ever turned to a box of crackers as a predinner snack, only to realize as you reach the bottom of the box that they will now have to count as your dinner? Maybe you've built your food pyramid on Oreos and potato chips and have forgotten what fresh fruits and vegetables taste like.

You don't have to continue in this cycle of bad habits: planning is the key to success in most areas of life, and meal preparation is no different. When you think about it, you spend a significant part of your life eating; it's worthwhile to spend a little time planning now to make eating a more efficient and enjoyable process later. Whether you are a new college student adjusting to life away from Mom's home-cooking, a full-time parent with a spouse and kids, or a busy professional, this month's meal preparation tips will help you regain control over your budget and your lifestyle.

Plan a weekly menu. A weekly menu can be a lifesaver. Have a list of five or six meals to choose from for the week, and purchase all the necessary ingredients in one shopping trip. This way, you don't have to spend time every night worrying about what to fix for dinner, and you won't have to run to the store each time you want to cook.

Make more and freeze it. When you cook dinner, double the recipe and put the second precooked dish in the freezer for future use. On Saturday mornings, prepare meals to use later in the week. Doing simple tasks in advance—like browning hamburger, draining the grease, and putting the meat in a labeled freezer bag or another freezer-safe container—will shorten your preparation time later when you make food like spaghetti, tacos, and casseroles.

Make fresh bread. Make one day each month a bread-making day and freeze the extra dough for future use. The three hours it may take you to make the dough will save you many more hours during the rest of the month. Recipes that would normally take too much time after a long day at school or work suddenly become doable. Fresh bread dough is filled with more nutrients, contains fewer preservatives, tastes better, and provides more versatility to your menu than store-bought bread does. And fresh dough can be used for more than sandwiches and dinner rolls: you can use it to make your own pizza pockets, or you can make homemade pizza with a fresh crust instead of settling for boring frozen pizza. You don't have to be a bakery chef to make your own bread, but if it seems like too big of a jump for you, you could try buying frozen dough until you are ready to start making your own.

Buy meats in family-sized packaging. Even if you are cooking for only one or two people, buying in bulk will save you money in the long run. Place chicken breasts (or one-pound portions of hamburger, etc.) in separate freezer bags, and label and date them before you freeze them. It is much faster to thaw meat in individual portion sizes than in large chunks.

Karen Christensen

Use a slow cooker

One of the easiest time-savers in meal preparation is cooking with a slow cooker (widely known as a Crock Pot™). You can throw dinner ingredients into the slow cooker before you leave for the day, and when you arrive home, a delicious dinner will be waiting for you. There are plenty of slow-cooker recipe books, and many recipes are available online. Most oven recipes can be easily converted to slow-cooker versions as well.

Slow-cooker Tips

- The slow cooker should be at least half full; ideally, it should be three-quarters full.
- If you cut up veggies for your slow-cooker recipe the night before, be sure to refrigerate them in separate bags until morning.
- Thaw meat before placing it in the slow cooker.
- Use only lean meats and skinless poultry to reduce fat in the finished meal.
- Cheaper cuts of meat work great in a slow cooker because the long cooking time makes them tender.
- Keep the lid on. Each time you lift the lid, you'll lengthen the cooking time by 15 to 25 minutes.
- Hamburger and ground turkey are the only meats that require browning before being added to the slow cooker. However, it is good to brown any meat before placing it in the slow cooker because browning helps meat retain its flavor.
- The amount of spices may need to be adjusted from the recipe. In a slow cooker, whole herbs and spices become more flavorful, while ground spices tend to become more bland.
- If you avoid using your slow cooker because you don't like to clean it, consider spraying it lightly with cooking spray prior to adding ingredients, or use slow-cooker cooking bags for easy cleanup.

Recipe Conversion Guidelines

- A slow cooker's low setting is approximately 200 degrees, and the high setting is approximately 300 degrees.
- For every hour the recipe suggests to cook something in the oven or on the stove, allow 8 hours on low or 4 hours on high in a slow cooker.
- Some recipes are better cooked on high for 2½ to 3 hours, while others turn out better cooked on low for 8 to 10 hours. Generally, chicken does well with shorter cooking times, and beef cuts require longer cooking times.
- You should reduce the liquid in an oven recipe by half to convert it to a slow-cooker recipe (unless the recipe contains rice or pasta).
- Add ground spices during the last hour of cooking. Whole leaves and herbs will probably need to be reduced by half.

April

Seafood fare with a nautical flair

Spring is back! After the long winter, I'm sure we are all eager to get into this refreshing new season. Maybe a dip in the pool, a sunny day in the park, or the smell of freshly mowed grass will help. But perhaps the quickest (and most delicious) way to get into spring is to indulge in this month's tasty springtime meal. A crisp salad bursting with fresh flavors, cheesy risotto with a special seafood twist, and succulent grilled shrimp will send your taste buds whirling. And if that's not enough, try our luscious coconut cake—you'll feel like spring break never ends when you indulge in this creamy, dreamy delight. Add our hosting ideas to the mix, and you'll have a springtime experience that is sure to impress.

This month's scrumptious spread: grilled garlic shrimp skewers, crab risotto, springtime salad, and coconut cake. *Quinn Nielson*

photography by Kaitlyn Tolman

Crab Risotto

Serves: 6–8
Prep time: 15 minutes
Total time: 50 minutes

3 tablespoons butter
1 clove garlic, minced
8 ounces crab meat
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¼ cup shredded Italian cheese (mozzarella, Asiago, etc.)
5 cups fish or chicken broth
½ cup apple juice
1 tablespoon olive oil
2 tablespoons onion, minced
1 tablespoon carrot, minced
1 tablespoon celery, minced
1½ cups Arborio rice

1. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a medium frying pan. Add garlic and cook until the garlic is slightly browned, about 1 minute. Add the crab or lobster meat and sauté for 3 to 5 minutes. Set aside.

2. In a separate saucepan, heat the broth to a simmer. Heat the remaining butter and oil in a separate heavy 4-quart saucepan. Add onion, carrot, and celery and sauté the vegetables to soften, but not brown, the onion. Add the rice to the vegetable mixture and stir for 1 minute to coat all the grains. Add apple juice and stir until it is absorbed. Add ½ cup of broth at a time and stir until it is nearly absorbed. Set aside ½ cup of broth. Let the rice mixture simmer for approximately 18 minutes.

3. Add the crab meat and the remaining ½ cup of broth. Stir until the crab is mixed in and heated. Remove from heat. Stir in cheese and parsley to taste.

Grilled Garlic Shrimp Skewers

Serves: 6–8
Prep time: 5 minutes
Total time: 15 minutes

1 clove garlic, minced
½ cup butter
½ teaspoon onion powder
1 tablespoon fresh chopped parsley
32 medium shrimp
8 bamboo skewers

1. Place 4 medium shrimp on each skewer. Set aside.

2. In a small saucepan, combine garlic, butter, and onion powder. Heat until butter is melted. Sprinkle parsley into butter mixture.

3. Place shrimp on a grill (either indoors or outdoors). With a basting brush, brush equal amounts of butter mixture over the shrimp skewers. Reserve enough butter to cover both sides of the shrimp. Grill shrimp until cooked through (about 2 minutes per side).

Springtime Salad

Serves: 6–8
Prep time: 10 minutes
Total time: 20 minutes

1 large package spinach leaves
1 cup fresh chopped strawberries
¼ cup crumbled bacon
½ cup chopped walnuts
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup feta cheese
poppy seed dressing to taste

1. In a small frying pan, combine sugar and walnuts at medium heat. Stir constantly as the sugar melts, coating each walnut in the sugar. While the mixture is still hot, spread the walnuts in a single layer on a piece of parchment paper. Let cool until sugar coating is hard.

2. Rinse spinach and remove stems. Combine spinach, chopped strawberries, bacon, and walnuts. Toss together.

3. Just before serving, sprinkle feta cheese on top of the salad and add poppy seed dressing to taste.

Coconut Cake

Serves: 10–12
Prep time: 20 minutes
Total time: 3 hours

Cake:

1½ cups (3 sticks) unsalted butter, softened, plus more for greasing the pans
2 cups sugar
5 extra-large eggs, at room temperature
1½ teaspoons pure vanilla extract
1½ teaspoons pure almond extract
3 cups all-purpose flour, plus more for dusting the pans
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon kosher salt
1 cup milk
4 ounces sweetened shredded coconut

Frosting:

1 pound cream cheese, at room temperature
1 cup (2 sticks) unsalted butter, at room temperature
¾ teaspoon pure vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon pure almond extract
1 pound confectioners' sugar, sifted
6 ounces sweetened shredded coconut

1. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Grease two 9-inch round cake pans and then line them with parchment paper. Grease pans again and dust lightly with flour.

2. In a bowl, cream the butter and sugar on medium-high speed for 3 to 5 minutes with an electric mixer fitted with a paddle attachment. Beat until light yellow and fluffy.

3. With the mixer on medium speed, add the eggs to the butter one at a time, scraping down the bowl once during mixing. Add the vanilla and almond extracts and mix well. It is natural for the mixture to look separated.

4. In a separate bowl, sift the flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt together. With the mixer on low speed, alternately add the dry ingredients and the milk to the batter in three parts, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Mix until just combined.

5. Using a rubber spatula, fold in 4 ounces of coconut. Pour the batter evenly into both cake pans and smooth the top with a knife. Bake in the center of the oven for 45 to 55 minutes, until the tops are browned and a toothpick comes out clean. Cool on a baking rack for 30 minutes. Turn the cakes out onto a baking rack to finish cooling.

6. For the frosting, combine the cream cheese, butter, vanilla, and almond extract and mix on low speed with an electric mixer fitted with a paddle attachment. Add the confectioners' sugar and mix until smooth. Do not whip.

7. To assemble, place the first cake layer on a flat serving plate, top side down, and spread with frosting. Place the second layer on top, top side up, and frost the top and sides. To decorate, sprinkle the top with coconut and lightly press more coconut onto the sides. Serve at room temperature.

Coconut Cake adapted from Barefoot Contessa at Home, *©2006, all rights reserved.*

Cost-cutting Ideas

Sound expensive? Don't worry—*Garnish* has classy, cost-cutting solutions. With a couple of quick substitutions, you'll have an equally delicious springtime meal without breaking your budget.

1. For the garlic shrimp, use chicken instead. It still has great flavor and looks beautiful. Chicken will require a longer cooking time than the shrimp, so make sure to cook your chicken long enough.

2. In the crab risotto, you can substitute imitation crab meat for fresh crab, regular long grain rice for Arborio rice, grated mozzarella cheese for fresh parmesan, and dry parsley for fresh parsley (but use only 1 teaspoon of dry parsley).

3. For the springtime salad, simply do not add the feta. The salad still tastes and looks great. If strawberries are expensive, use cantaloupe, grapes, or even canned mandarin oranges.

Decorating Ideas

1. Pick a theme. We chose a nautical theme and used it all the way through April's Meal of the Month.

2. Choose a color palette. Nautical blue, red, yellow, and white accent our ship-shape theme perfectly. Cheap party store items, like a plastic anchor, are transformed with a little navy spray paint.

3. Little details count. We chose a gold rope napkin tie that is a subtle but elegant touch. Miniature homemade nautical flags make a big impact.

5 unique Utah Valley restaurants

photography by Kaitlyn Tolman

Don't feel like cooking tonight? Sick of going to the same restaurants every time you go out? You're in luck! Utah Valley has a lot more to offer than just chicken nuggets and cheeseburgers at fast-food chains. You can enjoy a unique environment and have a great time at affordable prices at many restaurants in the Utah Valley area.

1 Guru's

Guru's is a great place to eat international cuisine—everything from Southwestern to Asian to Itailan. You'll have a unique experience from the moment you walk in the door, where a tile pathway winds through coppertop tables and funky tree sculptures as it leads you to the counter. The menu has something for everyone, from burritos and wraps to rice bowls and pastas.

My husband and I tried the southwest chipotle wrap ($6.99) and the cilantro-lime pesto pasta ($5.99). The wrap was stuffed with everything imaginable, including chicken, black beans, cheese, corn, and lettuce. The pesto pasta was very tasty. We definitely recommend these delicious dishes. *Alyssa Echols*

45 E. Center St.
Provo, Utah 84606
(801) 375-4878

Hours: Monday–Friday, 11 AM–9 PM
Saturday, 11 AM–10 PM
Price range: $3.50 (soup)–$11.99 (salmon rice bowl)
Guru's is a first-come, first-served restaurant; takeout is available.

The artsy dining room at Guru's is the perfect atmosphere for enjoying their fresh yet funky dishes.

2

Art City Trolley Café

Art City Trolley Café offers an extraordinary American cuisine experience—my husband and I felt like we'd stepped into America's cultural past. The restaurant is fronted by an actual trolley car, and the décor includes a Harley-Davidson and vintage signs for Pepsi, Mountain Dew, and Squirt. The décor is great, but the food is even better. According to *Zagat's Dining Guide*, Art City Trolley Café has the best ribs in the state.

When I asked the server what he would recommend, he said, "Our whole menu is phenomenal." We ordered two of his favorites: the Trolley chicken sandwich ($6.95) and the BBQ chicken sandwich ($7.25). These dishes came with some of the best fries we've had in a long time. Our server also recommended the BBQ or honey BBQ ribs (half rack $12.95, full rack $18.95) and the Art City Special Salad (half $7.25, full $9.50), which is the restaurant's most-ordered dish. Our meal at Art City Trolley Café was so good we decided to become regular customers. *Alyssa Echols*

256 N. Main Street
Springville, Utah 84663
(801) 489-8585

Hours: Monday–Thursday, 11 AM–9 PM
Friday and Saturday, noon–10 PM
Price range: $5.95 (Wade's Wonder Burger)–$18.95 (full rack of BBQ or honey BBQ ribs)

The unique atmosphere, with an entire section where you are eating in an old trolley car, makes Art City Trolley Café a fun place for the whole family.

3

Bombay House

Bombay House offers the succulent cuisine of India—food rich with spices and full of flavor—combined with a unique, warm, and inviting atmosphere. Murals of Indian scenes fill the walls, overhead lamps provide dim and romantic lighting, and comfortable booths offer just the right amount of privacy. Each dish is prepared in traditional Indian fashion, which makes tandoori-baked meats and flatbreads taste especially authentic.

My husband and I tried two very different dishes—lamb saag (boneless lamb cooked with spinach, onions, garlic, ginger, cream, and spices; $12.95) and chicken coconut kurma (boneless chicken cooked with coconut milk, onions, garlic, ginger, tomatoes, cashews, and spices; $11.95), along with naan, a teardrop-shaped flatbread baked in a tandoori oven ($1.50). Both dishes were very flavorful and were served with tender meats and aromatic basmati rice. And don't worry about spiciness; you can choose your spice level—hot, medium, or mild. *Megan Wyman*

463 N. University Ave.
Provo, Utah 84601
(801) 373-6677
www.thebombayhouse.com

Hours: Monday–Saturday, 4:00 PM–10:00 PM
Price range: $2.95 (soup)–$15.95 (shrimp tandoori)
Bombay House does not take reservations; takeout is available.

4

Ottavio's

The tri-fold menu held food choices typical of an Italian restaurant—house-style pizza, pasta, and soup. I turned immediately to the pasta and began the search for something that would satisfy my vegan cravings. There was nothing—but after all, many Italian restaurants don't offer much in the way of vegetarian fare. The one vegetarian plate was made with a white sauce (main ingredients: cream and butter). I finally ordered a custom meal—a simple pasta with red sauce, attended by a house salad.

While I waited, I dipped homemade foccaccia into a mixture of olive oil and balsamic vinegar. The texture of the bread was good, almost authentic; I think it was the best I have experienced this side of the Atlantic. However, the oil was not my favorite. When the main meal arrived, I was pleased with the taste, but I wished there had been a little more flair with the dish—a little more than just pasta.

continued on page 16

The atmosphere compensated a bit for the lackluster meal. Perhaps the best moment of the night was when five workers, including Ottavio himself, came out and sang "Tanti Auguri" to us. I was able to speak with Ottavio for a moment, somewhat fulfilling my desire to speak in Italian.

All in all, the food was disappointing, but perhaps my expectations were too high. My suggestion: order soup, salad, and focaccia bread . . . and save the pasta for the next time you visit Rome. *David Peterson*

71 E. Center St.
Provo, Utah 84606
(801) 377-9555
www.ottavios.com

Hours: Monday–Saturday, 11:30 AM–10 PM
Price range: $3.95 (salad)–$21.50 (Bistecca Florentine)
Ottavio's takes reservations; takeout is available.

The gelato selection at Gloria's Little Italy makes this Utah Valley restaurant unlike any other.

5

Gloria's Little Italy

Gloria's Little Italy is a breath of fresh air in a market drowning in fake Italian music and too many lobster dishes. Gloria's is an unassuming, metal-chair-and-plastic-tablecloth kind of establishment. The restaurant, tucked cozily to the side of the kitchen and market section of the store, is lined with shelves holding a wide variety of imported European goods for sale. The dining room is abuzz with busy staff and regular customers, some holding hushed conversations, some bantering back and forth in both Italian and English.

The menu at Gloria's consists almost exclusively of pastas, sandwiches, and calzones. There are a few select *antipasti* (appetizers) and a range of desserts. For the main dish, the server recommended the pesto pasta, a house specialty. While waiting for my entrée, I was treated to a few slices of bread drizzled with olive oil and a small salad with olive oil and balsamic vinegar dressing. The pesto dish lived up to its billing—the penne pasta, tossed in pesto sauce laden with olive oil, was smooth and simple; the individual flavors of basil, olive, and pine nuts were carefully blended in the dish to bring out the highlights of each ingredient.

Dining at Gloria's Little Italy is wonderful. If you want an Italian experience reminiscent of your favorite corner Italian restaurant in Europe, look no further. Gloria's has the atmosphere, the ingredients, and the personality to transport you right back to the outskirts of Florence, Milan, or Rome. *Eric Dowdle*

Gloria's Little Italy
279 E. 300 S.
Provo, Utah 84606
(801) 805-4913

Hours: Monday–Saturday, 11 AM–9 PM
Price range: $7.00–$14.00
Gloria's takes reservations; takeout is available.

Strawberries

and every other kind of fruit.

The Farmers' Market

Saturdays, May–August, 7:00 am–4:00 pm

900 S. and University Avenue in Provo (801) 657-9873

a taste of food and fun from the lives of our readers and staff

illustrations by Josh Keele

Parlez-vous Food?

My family speaks the language of food. A cup of hot chocolate can mean anything from "I'm really sorry that your boyfriend broke up with you and you're PMSing and your jeans are too small and you flunked your math test today," to "I'm so glad you're snowed in with me because I have the funniest story to tell you about you-know-what!" Only those who are fluent in the language of food can tell which way to interpret the hot chocolate.

It got to the point that we could walk in from school, sniff the air for smells of delicate simmering sauces or lively and pungent spices, and say, "Mom, you're having another baby!" or "So the report cards came, huh?"

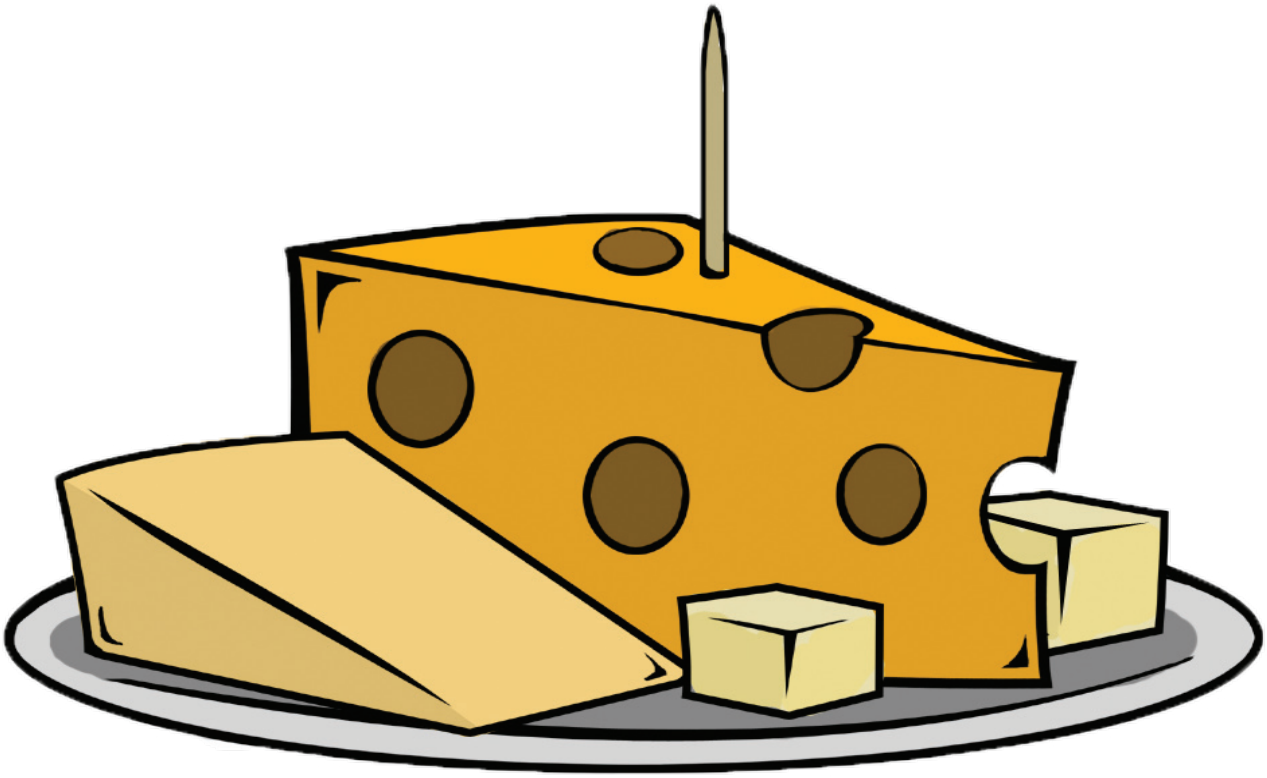
My sister and I often find that these conversations require translations for our husbands. "Curry is hot and spicy, which means someone didn't do too well on their math midterm. Probably Lizzy because she hates curry." In this way, food has become a way for us to relate to each other on a level that only we understand. This is our thing—the thing that makes us who we are. Other families have academics, music, travel, or sports. We have Iron Chef night, tastes-like-toes Tuesday, and gingerbread-house-making contests. For us, food isn't just nourishment—it's conversation. *Molly Campbell*

Turkish Delights

Looking at the photos from my three-week visit to Turkey with my grandfather, you'd think that the only thing we did there was eat. One representative photograph of Grandpa showed him puffy-cheeked, patting his stomach with one hand and waving Turkish waiters away with the other.

"Grandpa," I told him, laughing until tears ran down my face, "that face doesn't say 'I'm full' so much as it says 'I'm about to throw up.'"

Of course, eating in Turkey was not just about stuffing ourselves full of food. It was about the whole experience—the people, the culture, and the exciting newness of the food itself. I remember one night in particular when we sat in a bar in the upper story of our hotel in Istanbul. My aunt and grandfather ordered some drinks, and I sipped pomegranate juice and munched on pistachio nuts. Before I went to Turkey, I'd never tried the sweet, almost dry-tasting goodness of



pomegranate juice; I had also never liked nuts as much as I did that evening while my grandpa's eyes drooped, my aunt read her guide book, and I listened to the Spanish musicians playing in the background.

Then there was the day we sailed the Aegean Sea in a little boat captained by a brother and sister. They set lobster traps and prepared the catch for our dinner. I vividly remember the soft-spoken, gentle sister sitting quietly beside me while her brother sat across from us, preparing my lobster feast.

Later, in Kapadokya, we stopped at a restaurant where we shared a meal with our guide, Zafer, and our bus driver, Mustafa. Sitting on the floor around the table, we concluded the meal by laughing, with plates of baklava sitting on our inflated stomachs to show how massive we'd grown through the meal.

I will always associate Turkey with food. My mouth waters as I think of sliced lamb piled onto a *dôner* and the tortilla-like bread sizzling for some *gôzleme*. I daydream about Turkish tea and lobster. But even more than the food, I remember the gracious people we met who created and served the food and visited with us during meals. *Keegan Taylor*

Tyrant con Queso

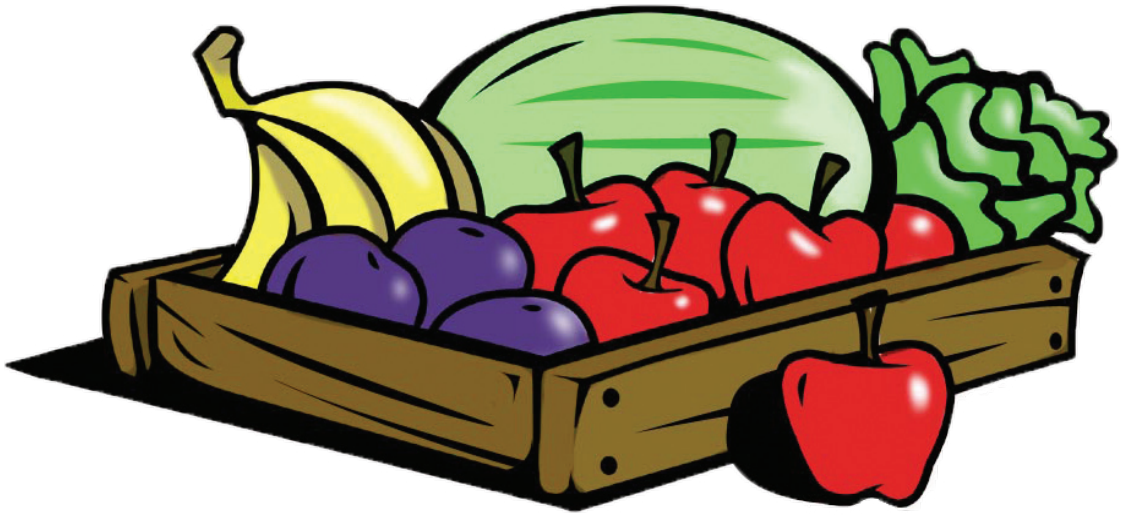
Every time my fifteen-year-old sister decides to make layered nacho dip, we have the same argument. Of course, since she is the family guru on nacho dip, we have to appeal to her to make it when we want it. But she likes to make the dip without the extra layer of tomatoes, and everyone else likes it with the tomatoes. The traditional compromise is to make two-thirds of the platter with the much-debated tomatoes and the other third without.

This dispute has been going on ever since my mom came across the recipe a few years ago in a cookbook that she'd had for years. Once she tried it, the recipe immediately became a family favorite. About a year later, we discovered that my sister Hannah possessed a natural knack for making the dip, so we turned control of the recipe over to her. But now if anyone else starts to make it and she finds out, she'll enter the kitchen, stare at the person attempting to follow the recipe, and criticize the chef's every move, claiming, "You're not doing that right!"

Her behavior begs a question of ultimate importance to our family: who has control in the kitchen?

Actually, it's my mother. Any control a family member might gain is merely a form of temporary delegation. When conflicts arise, they are always taken to the higher court: Mom. The chefs of a dish are always subject to checks and balances. The preparer can usually decide when, how, and why to make a dish and who should eat it. However, if an uprising ever occurs and the peasants start shouting "tyrant!" then the matter is always taken to Mom.

Though this complicated system may not work for all families, it does for ours. For through it all—the politics, arguments, deals, and glares—the food still emerges unscathed whether Mom, Hannah, Dad, or someone else made it. It remains cool, comforting, and sustaining. Too bad we can't always say the same for the chef. *Sarah DeLong*



Submit your memories about food to à la carte. Your story could be featured in *Garnish*. Click on à la carte at www.garnishmagazine.com

Recipe Not Included

"Mrs. McBride, this sauce is so good. What brand is it?" I asked.

For a moment she didn't respond, and I thought I had insulted her somehow.

"I just threw some ingredients together," she said with a smile.

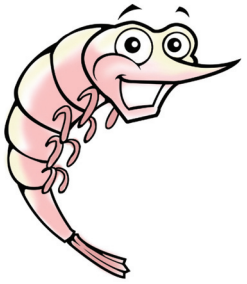
She said it so casually that I marveled at her ability to cook without a recipe. I had never just thrown anything together in my life. I always needed a fully detailed recipe to follow or the results were disastrous. But Mrs. McBride, my future mother-in-law, cooked by instinct, using her taste buds as her guide. I knew at that moment that she was the greatest cook I had ever met.

"Oh, Brittany, you didn't get any cheese," she said as if my meal was a waste without it.

Mrs. McBride passed me a small bowl with perfectly cut cubes of mozzarella cheese. I looked around and saw that everyone else had already melted their cubes into their sauce, so I scooped out a few cubes and mixed them around in the homemade sauce. When the cheese was semi-melted, I gently poked at the pasta and scooped a good ratio of sauce and cheese onto my fork. The chewy cheese, slippery noodles, and soft chunks of hot, flavorful tomatoes made me smile as I ate. The meal was simple and familiar, yet so much more wonderful than the spaghetti I had dreaded each Wednesday at my house. My family made only quick meals that could be prepared in bulk—I guess when there are seven boys in a family and they always want something to eat, parents go for quantity, not quality. My family never had garnishes like cheese; it would be a waste. But at the McBrides, it was the cheese that enhanced and complemented the sauce's flavor; it was the cheese that gave the dish a pleasant texture.

Brittany McBride

Shrimplicity



Last Christmas, I found myself in San Diego at my fiancée's grandmother's house. This was definitely a be-enthusiastic-about-everything situation. Not that it was difficult—I really was having a great time. Still, there was something unsettling about it: shrimp. I've never gone out of my way to eat it, and the times that I have had it, it has been overcooked and disgusting. However, as I was required to make a good impression, I ate it, and I made a remarkable discovery: I actually quite like shrimp—I just never had the chance to eat it prepared well. We had a simple shrimp cocktail—precooked shrimp, cut celery, and cocktail sauce—but it was amazing! That was the turning point for me.

E. L. McKinney

The Glorious Farmers' Market

I had just traveled to Boston and was excited for my first real trip to a big city. I had gotten up with the sun, intent on not wasting a single second of my time visiting this wonderful and historic city. I had spent the morning walking around

the Freedom Trail and going all over the Cambridge area. Tired—and terribly hungry—I was heading back to the hotel to regroup and figure out my afternoon when I suddenly noticed that I was slightly off-course. Without quite realizing it, I had seen a crowd of people and followed them in the wrong direction.

I turned the corner and was faced with the full glory of a large, beautiful farmers' market. To a Southern California girl who only ever shopped at major grocery stores, this was paradise.

"Plums!"

"Apples, six for a dollar!"

"Fish—fresh fish!"

I was certain that I had gone back in time. I spent several hours walking around, talking to vendors, and looking at all the different produce and cuts of meat. I learned that these farmers grew their products outside the city or in their small backyards and then brought them here to sell every Saturday. Hundreds of shopkeepers and matrons of kitchens would come with wagons to stock up for the upcoming week.

The market was wonderful to see. And the smells! As I walked past the different stalls, I was bombarded with a variety of aromas—not all of them pleasant. The fish, in particular, will always be a strong memory.

I was starving, so I eventually bought six plums for a dollar. Six! And they were wonderful—tight skin that burst with juice, dripping and messy, when I bit into one. I giggled with euphoria and kept exploring. When I finally turned to leave, a vendor selling apples caught my eye. As I passed the stall, I complimented the vendor on the beautiful fruit. In return, the gentleman tossed me one of his apples for the road.

The farmers' market—I'm sold! *Christi Higham*

First Thanksgiving

The prospect of preparing our first Thanksgiving dinner was more than a little daunting. Ever since we were little girls, my sister, Stephanie, and I had been nothing more than bystanders and beneficiaries of the hours of preparation our mother put into Thanksgiving dinners. But when my husband and I planned our Thanksgiving trip to visit Stephanie and her husband in New York, where she was attending medical school, Stephanie and I were very excited about the prospect of preparing our first Thanksgiving dinner together. We spent hours talking about all that we would eat and prepare and how fun it would be to make Thanksgiving dinner for our husbands.

Neither of us had ever prepared turkey, stuffing, cranberry sauce, or any of the other delectable dishes that we associated with Thanksgiving dinner. For months prior to my arrival, we envisioned how great our Thanksgiving meal would be, planning an elaborate meal without giving much thought to the work it would entail. But now that Thanksgiving was actually upon us, we felt like taking back all those things we had previously envisioned with delightful anticipation.

"I'm not stuffing turkey," Stephanie declared.

"What are you talking about? You're the doctor—this is your specialty!" I responded.

"There's no way I'm sticking my hand inside a dead, slimy turkey!"

We held this conversation in the grocery store a few days before Thanksgiving as we discussed whether to make stovetop or homemade stuffing—which would require literally "stuffing" the turkey. Much to my dislike, we settled on stuffing made from a box, but there was nothing I could do—there was no way I was sticking my hand inside a dead turkey either.

Unfortunately, the great stuffing debate proved to be only a preface to the more distasteful surprises that awaited us. The next shock came at the grocery checkout, where we were left feeling poorer than ever as we emptied our pockets to pay for our grand feast. Another awakening occurred when we calculated the time it would take to cook the turkey and realized that one of us would have to get up at four in the morning to put it in the oven. I can only give thanks to my luck at "rock, paper, scissors" for sparing me an early Thanksgiving morning. The disillusionment continued as we slaved all morning in a hot kitchen, trying to prepare everything before the one o'clock mealtime.

However, as we sat around the dinner table with our husbands at our sides, our initial feelings of delight came flooding back. In that moment, we realized what Thanksgiving dinner—or any family dinner—is all about: bringing people together. I felt a quiet satisfaction that all our hard work had paid off, and I realized that moments like this were worth all the hardship. *Michelle Stocking*

Park City

For your next weekend getaway, consider staying in Park City, Utah. A mere thirty-five-minute drive from Salt Lake City, Park City offers all the amenities of the big city without the accompanying hassles. Although Park City is more widely known for skiing, there are plenty of spring and summer recreational activities available, including mountain bike trails, an alpine slide, and the world's longest zip line.

For those who prefer a sports-free itinerary, Park City's Historic Main Street offers everything the savvy (and not-so-savvy) shopper needs. With many one-of-a-kind shops and restaurants, all within four blocks, Main Street offers a shopping and dining experience unlike any other. After you've explored downtown, you can head to the surrounding areas to find more familiar shops and restaurants. Here are a few of our Park City favorites.

photography by Megan Wyman

After breakfast, wander up and down **Historic Main Street** and check out the brightly colored Old West storefronts. Stop in at **Mary Jane's** for a unique outfit, complete with shoes, sunglasses, and bags you won't find anywhere else. Although this shop is almost entirely for women, it also carries a small selection of baby clothing, including unique and adorable baby booties.

Start the day off right! **The Eating Establishment** on Main Street has been serving Park City since 1972. With an Old West spin on classic American cuisine, any menu choice is sure to please. Breakfast is served until 4:00 PM, accommodating even the latest risers.

If you have a car, check out the **Tanger Outlets at Kimball Junction**, about fifteen minutes outside historic downtown. The outlets include Gap, Banana Republic, Harry & David, Mikasa, and Nike. While you're there, head to **Park City Bread and Bagel, Inc.** for lunch. You'll find a large selection of bagel sandwiches, paninis, soups, and salads—and you won't go hungry.

Head back to Historic Main Street and stop at **La Niche** for another round of shopping and some tasty gelato. In addition to a small gelato parlor, La Niche has everything you need for entertaining and decorating, including backpack picnic sets, cool clocks, unique cookie cutters, a wall of cookbooks, and table settings ranging from cute to elegant.

Contact Information

The Eating Establishment
317 Historic Main Street
Park City, Utah 84060
(435) 649-8284
www.theeatingestablishment.net

Kimball Art Center
638 Park Avenue
Park City, Utah 84060
(435) 649-8889
www.kimball-art.org

Mary Jane's
613 Main Street
Park City, Utah 84060
(435) 645-7463
www.maryjanesshoes.com

Park City Bread & Bagel, Inc.
3126 Quarry Road, #L
Park City, Utah 84098
(435) 655-0913
www.pcbagels.com

Tanger Outlet Center
6699 N. Landmark Drive
Park City, Utah 84098
(866) 665-8681
www.tangeroutlet.com

La Niche
401 Main Street
Park City, Utah 84060
(435) 649-2372

Empire Canyon Lodge
9200 Marsac Avenue
Park City, Utah 84060
(435) 645-6632
www.deervalley.com

The Sky Lodge
201 Heber Avenue
Park City, Utah 84060
(435) 658-2500
www.theskylodge.com

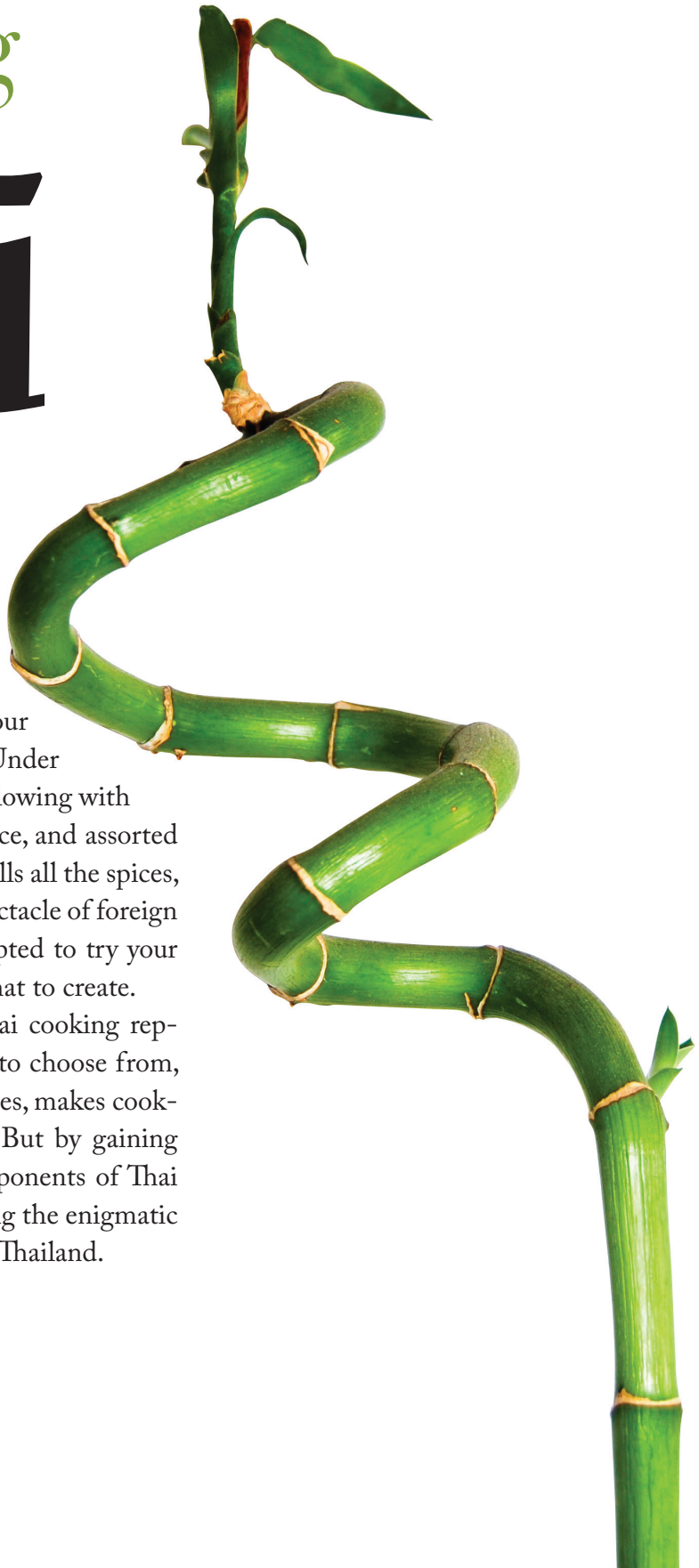
We hope you work up an appetite while you shop, because Park City offers some fabulous restaurants where you can enjoy a satisfying dinner. We recommend **Fireside Dining at the Empire Canyon Lodge** at Deer Valley Resort. This distinctive dining experience includes four all-you-can-eat courses served from wood-burning fireplaces. The meal begins with a warm Swiss raclette served with house-made chutneys, mustards, breads, and meats. The appetizer is followed by savory stews served alongside freshly baked bread, a tossed salad, and other sides. The third fireplace boasts leg of lamb and specialty salads. Dessert includes your choice of three fondues and a fruit and cookie bar. Reservations are recommended but not required.

Park City's attractions aren't limited to food—you can relax in one of the town's luxury hotels after a long day.

After your full day of shopping, eating, and exploring, head to the **Sky Lodge** to spend the evening in a luxury condominium-style hotel. Although lodging prices are quite high during ski season, the same hotel rooms run for as much as $1,000 less during the summer. In its one-room suite, the Sky Lodge boasts a full kitchen and dining area, a living room complete with a state-of-the-art entertainment center, and a private deck with a hot tub.

Megan Wyman

demystifying Thai cuisine



It's Saturday at the *talahd soat*; you carefully weave your way through one of Bangkok's open-air markets. Under the pavilion, the vendors have set up their carts, overflowing with mangoes, turians, *noi-nha*, mangostines, jackfruits, rice, and assorted meats. Down the street, on the corner, a small shop sells all the spices, sauces, and curries a cook could desire. Seeing the spectacle of foreign fruit and enjoying the aroma of spices, you are tempted to try your hand at Thai cuisine. Now you just have to decide what to create.

At this point, most people realize that their Thai cooking repertoire is, well, lacking. The sheer number of curries to choose from, coupled with the endless choices of produce and sauces, makes cooking Thai dishes intimidating for the average cook. But by gaining a basic understanding of the history and basic components of Thai dishes, you can take a crucial step toward demystifying the enigmatic world of Thai cooking—even if you've never been to Thailand.

A Taste of Tradition

Thailand serves as a bridge between Eastern and Western culture. Thai food is a delicate blend of influences from Portugal, Holland, France, China, Japan, and India. For example, Thai people traditionally stewed, baked, and grilled their food, but they began frying food as Chinese influences moved southeast. The hot chilies now prevalent in Thai food were introduced by Portuguese missionaries in the 1600s. But as Thailand has become a melting pot of ethnic food practices, it has forged a reputation all its own.

Thai cooking is perhaps best known for its use of assorted curries. Thai curries have been influenced by many societies, including Indian and Arab cultures. Thai curries are more aromatic than Indian curries, are usually known by their colors, and burn intensely but briefly. Since curries are really a combination of spices, the spice that prevails in the curry usually determines its color. Thus, red curry contains a large amount of red chilies, whereas green curry contains a large amount of green chilies. Yellow curries use primarily tumeric and cumin and are similar to Indian curries. One popular Thai curry is not known by its color but by its origin. This curry, *masaman*, is Muslim in origin and is brown in pigment; it combines cinnamon, cumin, cloves, and nutmeg for a rich and warm—but not overwhelmingly hot—flavor.

Although spices contribute most significantly to the distinct taste of Thai food, quality produce is also critical. Because of Thailand's fertile ground and humid atmosphere, fruits and vegetables spring up almost spontaneously; requiring little farming effort, they truly grow like weeds. The crunchy sweetness of Thai produce is difficult to reproduce in the United States, but the creative cook can find worthwhile substitutes and recreate the exoticism of Thai dishes.

Thai Perspective

Pai Boonsiriseth, a native Thai, and Nathan Marsh, who lived in Thailand for two years, share their perspectives on Thai food.

Q: What makes Thai food unique?

Pai: It is the way we cook it and the way it tastes. The herbs make it have a very special smell. All the spices and sauces we have are way different! Most importantly, Thai people eat rice or noodles with every meal.

Nathan: Thai food is unique because it's prepared quickly, anywhere, and it uses a variety of items. Thai food is an amazing integration of Thailand's surroundings—Chinese, Vietnamese, Muslim, and Indian. Thai fish sauce and Thai chili peppers are unique. Also, everything is bite-size. Unlike some of the other Asian countries where the staple foods are rice and fish, Thailand's staples are rice and pork, chicken, or beef.

Q: Are there any Thai traditions that have to do with food?

Pai: We believe if you spill the salt on the table, it is bad luck.

Nathan: When I prepare food, I make it all bite-size like Thai food. And when I eat meals, I drink less than I used to. I remember one time when I was at a Thai family's home for dinner, the father gently explained to me that Thai people do not drink during the meal. I guess it has stuck with me ever since.

Q: What ingredients are most essential to Thai food?

Pai: Thai peppers.

Nathan: Fish sauce, rice, meat, spices, peanuts, Thai noodles, and love.

Thai 101

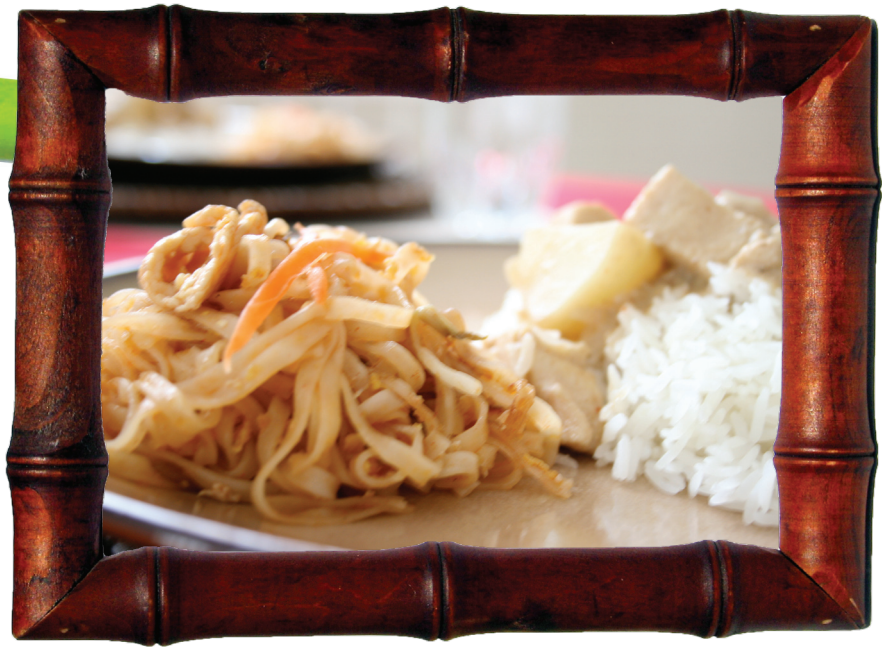
Your education of Thai food now requires a basic lesson in correctly serving, eating, and replicating the food. Thai food is a unique blend of three tastes: sweet, sour, and spicy. The individual dishes of a meal must be a balance of tastes and a harmony of textures. Proper Thai meals consist of a soup dish, a curry dish, and a vegetable dish. The sequence of dishes is different from the main-course format of Western meals; a full Thai meal typically consists of either a single dish or a rice dish with many complementary dishes served concurrently. In the United States dishes are served separately, with the sequence of appetizer, soup or salad, and main course typically followed in a proper meal. Sequence is also important when it comes to drinking: drinking during the meal is considered a social taboo. If you want a true Thai experience, save your drink for the end of the meal.

Not only is the serving style unique to Thailand, but so are the utensils used for eating. Thai food is generally eaten with a fork and a spoon. The fork, held in the left hand, is used to push food onto the spoon. It is common practice for Thais and hill-tribe peoples in the north and northeast to eat sticky rice with their right hands, first rolling the rice into balls and then dipping the morsels into a side dish.

The most important resource for Thai cooking is a good Asian market. Look in your local directory or ask the owners of your favorite Thai restaurant for recommendations on where to find the best spices, sauces, and produce. Some of the basic ingredients you'll need to stock up on include coconut milk, fish sauce (equivalent to salt), tamarind paste (a combination of sweet and sour), red chili peppers, palm sugar, and assorted curries. Good markets will also have produce and necessary grains, such as lemongrass, jasmine rice (aromatic long grain), and sticky glutinous rice.

As you plan your meal, remember that harmony is the guiding principle. Research the recipes you plan to make to ensure the perfect balance between flavors and textures. As you walk around the stands in your grocery store and peruse the shelves of your local Asian market, let these guidelines and recipes inform your choices and inspire your imagination to create your own Thai experience.

Kate Ensign-Lewis & Linné Marsh



Pad Thai

Serves: 4
Prep time: 15 minutes
Total time: 30 minutes

½ lime
1 egg
4 teaspoons fish sauce
3 cloves garlic, minced
½ teaspoon ground dried chili pepper
1 shallot, minced
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons tamarind paste
½ package Thai rice noodles
2 tablespoons vegetable oil

Optional ingredients:
¼ to ½ pound of shrimp
⅓ cup tofu—extra firm
1½ cup Chinese chives (green)
2 tablespoons peanuts
1⅓ cup bean sprouts
1 tablespoon preserved turnip

1. Soak dry noodles in lukewarm water for 5 to 10 minutes. Julienne tofu and cut into 1-inch-long matchsticks. When cut, the extra-firm tofu should have the consistency of mozzarella cheese. Cut Chinese chives into 1-inch-long pieces. Rinse bean sprouts. Set aside a few fresh chives and bean sprouts for a garnish. Mince shallot and garlic together.

2. Pour oil into a wok, and heat on high. Fry peanuts until toasted, then remove them from the wok. Add shallot, garlic, and tofu and stir until the mixture begins to brown. Noodles should be flexible but not expanded at this point. Drain noodles and add to the wok. Stir quickly to keep from sticking. Add tamarind, sugar, fish sauce, chili pepper, and preserved turnip. Stir. The heat should remain high. If the wok is not hot enough, you will see a lot of juice start to accumulate in the bottom of the wok. If this is the case, turn up the heat.

3. Make room for the egg by pushing all noodles to the side of the wok. Crack the egg onto the wok and scramble it until it is almost all cooked. Fold the egg into the noodles. Add shrimp and stir. Add bean sprouts and chives. Stir a few more times. The noodles should be soft and very tangled.

4. Pour onto a serving plate and sprinkle with peanuts. Serve hot with a banana flower slice, a wedge of lime on the side, and raw Chinese chives and bean sprouts on top. Some people also prefer to add pepper or sugar.

Tips and substitutions

- By far, the trickiest part is the soaked noodles. Noodles should be somewhat flexible and solid, not completely expanded and soft. When in doubt, undersoak them. You can always add more water to the pan later.
- In this recipe, preground pepper, particularly preground white pepper, is better than fresh ground pepper. (For kids, omit the ground dried chili pepper.)
- Tamarind adds some flavor and acidity, but you can substitute white vinegar.
- The type of extra-firm tofu called for in this recipe can be found in a plastic bag, not in water, at most oriental markets. Some might be brown from soy sauce, but some white ones are also available.
- The original Pad Thai recipe calls for crushed roasted peanuts. Many people in Thailand avoid eating peanuts because of claims that peanuts are linked to cancer.

Chicken Masaman Curry

Serves: 5
Prep time: 15 minutes
Total time: 55 minutes

1 (13.5 ounce) can of coconut milk
1 tablespoon masaman curry paste
2 tablespoons fish sauce
3 tablespoons brown sugar
½ tablespoon tamarind paste
3 boneless, skinless chicken breasts, cut widthwise in ½-inch strips (no longer than 2 inches for each chunk)
1 medium onion, minced
2 potatoes, peeled and cubed
½ cup peanuts (optional)
water

1. Combine coconut milk, curry paste, fish sauce, sugar, and tamarind paste in a wok over medium heat. When sauce reaches a simmer, place chicken in the pan and cover. Let cook for 15 minutes or until chicken is slightly cooked (only the middle of the chunks are transparent).

2. Add onion and potato. Let boil for 20 minutes or until potatoes are done.

3. Check sauce to ensure desired amount and thickness. If more sauce is desired, add water, up to ⅔ cup. Serve over jasmine rice.

Koa Niew Mamuang

Mango and Sticky Rice with Coconut Sauce

Serves: 4
Prep time: 3 hours
Total time: 3 hours 35 minutes

2 cups glutinous (sticky) rice, soaked in cold water for 3 hours and drained
2 mangoes
¾ cup water
½ (13.5 ounce) can of coconut milk
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon rice flour

1. Steam rice until cooked through, about 15 minutes. Meanwhile, peel mangoes and cut into thin slices. Set aside.

2. In a saucepan, combine water and sugar and bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. When sugar is dissolved, add rice and stir well to mix.

3. In a different saucepan, combine coconut milk, flour, and salt; cook until sauce thickens, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat.

4. To serve, place a bed of sticky rice on a plate, followed by a layer of mango. Pour coconut sauce over the top.

Adapted from
www.khiewchanta.com/archives/desserts/mango-sticky-rice-with-coconut.html

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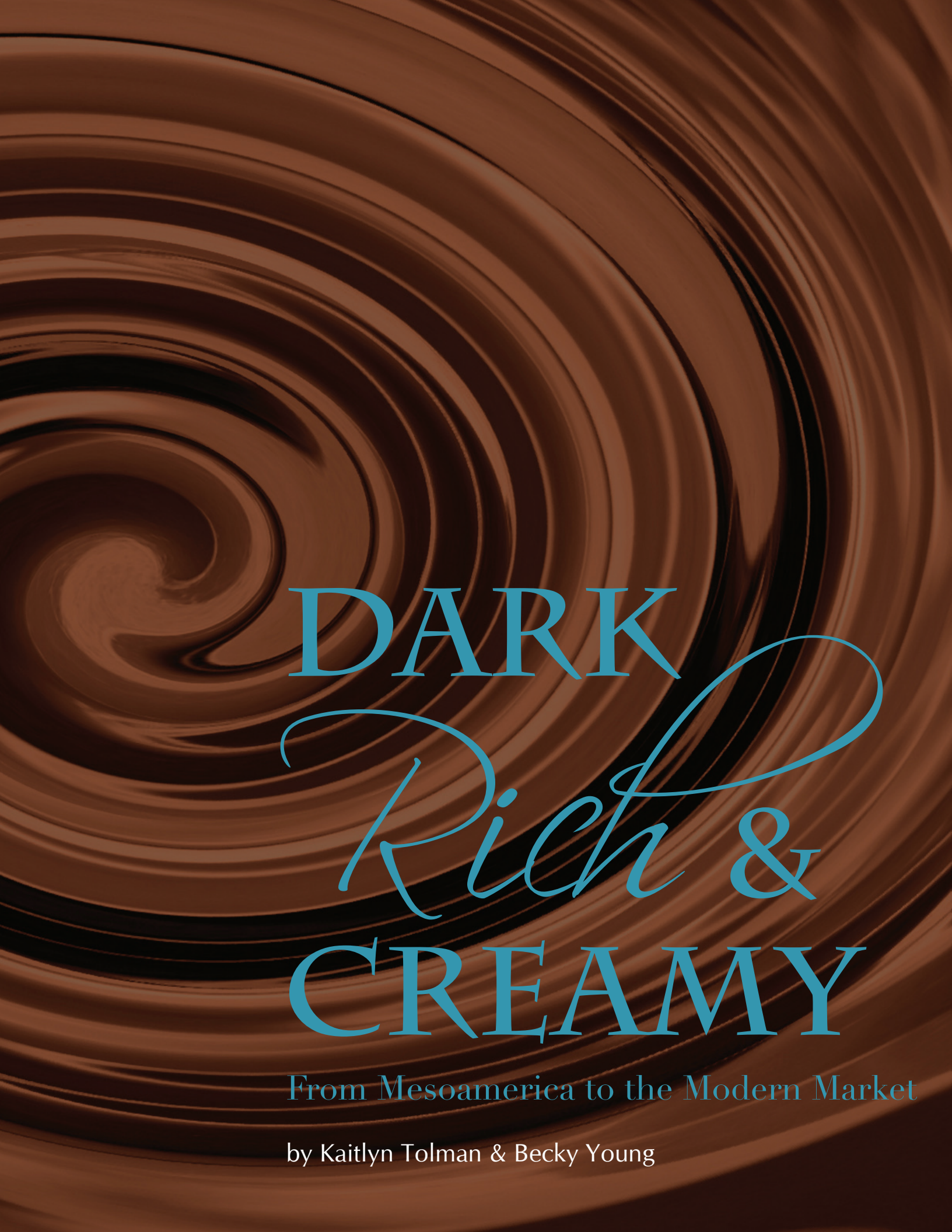


DARK *Rich* & CREAMY

From Mesoamerica to the Modern Market

by Kaitlyn Tolman & Becky Young

The melting point of chocolate is only slightly lower than body temperature. This means that when you pop a piece of creamy chocolate into your mouth, it immediately starts to melt. Some studies suggest that melting chocolate in your mouth increases brain activity and heart rate more intensely than passionate kissing. Further, the serotonin and phenethylamine found in chocolate are often considered "love chemicals," so it's no wonder that chocolate is one of the world's favorite treats.

Chocolate is found everywhere: chocolate cake, chocolate cereal, chocolate barbeque sauce, and chocolate chili. Nearly every kind of dish imaginable can be combined with chocolate in some way. But that wasn't always the case.

Before Chocolate

Chocolate as we know it comes from the cacao tree. This tree, which lives in the shade of its taller neighbors, produces about twelve pods twice a year. These brightly colored pods grow on the trunk of the tree as well as on its branches. The tree has no way to disseminate its own pods—it relies on someone, or something, to come along and remove them. By growing pods out of its trunk, the tree increases the chances that a curious animal—perhaps of the human variety—will remove the pod.

There are forty seeds inside each pod, and each bitter seed is encased in its own capsule of sweet pulp. This pulp, which tastes nothing like chocolate, is what first attracted Mesoamericans to the cacao pod. At first, no one was interested in the bitter seeds; no one realized that the seeds could be made into the delicious substance we now call chocolate. When the seeds ferment, the natural yeast and bacteria in the seeds convert sugar to alcohol and break down the internal structure of the seed. This causes the different parts of the seed to mix together, creating its unique chocolate taste. No one knows for sure how the Mesoamericans discovered the secret to cultivating chocolate, but one theory posits that the seeds they gathered fermented while they were being stored for later use.

Bitter Beginning

The people of Mexico and Central America originally made chocolate as early as AD 200. But these people, the ancient Mayans and Aztecs, didn't eat their chocolate—instead, they drank it. First, they ground the cocoa beans into a chocolate paste, and then they mixed the paste with water, chili peppers, cornmeal, and other ingredients. They poured the mixture back and forth between cups, sometimes from a height of several feet, until it developed thick foam on top. The Mayans and Aztecs did not sweeten the mixture, so the "drink"—which looked more like chocolate oatmeal than like liquid—was spicy and bitter.

This chocolate mixture was a central part of Mayan and Aztec culture: these ancient peoples believed it was the drink of the gods. In fact, the scientific name for the cacao plant—*Theobroma cacao*—literally means "food of the gods," and Mesoamerican beliefs surrounding cocoa are correspondingly rich in religious and cultural representation. In Aztec mythology, the god Quetzalcoatl brought cocoa to earth from heaven; the ancient people offered cocoa beans to him and their other gods to give thanks for the gift. They used cocoa as a tribute to their leaders, as money for purchasing goods in the marketplace, and as part of their marriage ceremonies.

The Spanish explorer Hernando Cortés was introduced to the cocoa bean and the chocolate drink when he traveled to the Americas. He eventually took it back to Spain with him. To reduce the bitterness of the drink, the Spaniards added sugar to it. They liked the drink so much they decided to keep it a secret from the rest of Europe, and they did so successfully for more than one hundred years.

Chocolaty Evolution

So how did the rest of the world finally find out about this carefully preserved secret? One legend claims that pirates stole chocolate from a Spanish ship and took it to England. Another legend suggests that the monks in charge of making chocolate spread the word from Spain to France. Some

Cocoa beans:
a colorful beginning to chocolate.

people believe that Italian merchants stole the secret of chocolate while in Spain. Yet another legend claims that a Spanish princess married a king of France and refused to leave without her chocolate, thus introducing it to the whole country.

Though we may never know how it actually came about, eventually the rest of the world learned about chocolate. At first only the richest people could enjoy the expensive delicacy, but eventually the prices dropped and everyone was able to enjoy the luxury of chocolate.

Chocolate has gone through many changes since it was first discovered. Originally, everyone drank chocolate water, but a more popular drink—chocolate milk—was invented in the late 1600s. In 1828, cocoa powder was invented when a Dutch chemist discovered he could squeeze the fat out of chocolate, leaving just the powder behind. The powder was originally mixed with alkali to help preserve it. Although this process isn't necessary anymore, many people prefer the alkalized cocoa powder to natural cocoa powder because it produces a darker, richer color. Soon after cocoa powder was discovered, solid chocolate bars were invented. After that, the chocolate industry rapidly expanded.

Types of Chocolate

There are infinite possibilities when it comes to mixing chocolate. Not only does mixing *different* types of chocolate yield different flavors, but even the *same* type of chocolate from different places will produce a unique blend of flavors. There are three main types of cacao trees. Criollo was the dominant cacao in Central America when Cortés invaded Mexico. Its mild, fruity taste is considered the most sought-after flavor. Forastero is the most common type of cacao plant. Indigenous to the northern Amazon River Basin in Brazil, forastero is resistant to disease and is highly productive. Forastero makes up about ninety percent of the world's cacao crop, but it has a simple, earthy taste that most people find the least desirable of the three types of cacao. Trinitario is a hybrid of criollo and forastero. The ratio of criollo and forastero within any given pod varies significantly, meaning that the taste varies widely from pod to pod. The first documented appearance of this hybrid comes from Trinidad in the 1700s (hence the name). It is hardier than criollo and tastes better than forastero.

Originally, mixing beans from many different areas was considered the best way to produce a rich, intense chocolate flavor. Recently, however, chocolate makers have begun producing single-origin chocolates. Sometimes an area will produce a chocolate too good to blend with anything else, so it is processed and used in its unblended form.

Each unique type has something exciting to offer. Chocolate has come a long way from Mesoamerica to your neighborhood market. We hope that you will get together with some friends, gather some chocolate, and enjoy this treat rich in history and taste as you rediscover chocolate.

Tasty Experiments

Although all chocolate is made from the same basic ingredients, each type is put together differently, resulting in uniquely distinct tastes. With so many different kinds of chocolate available, people naturally experiment to discover which kind they like best. That's just what a group of professors at Brigham Young University (BYU) did—they formed a chocolate-tasting club. They taste chocolate, rate the flavors and textures, and discuss their favorites. We, the staff at *Garnish,* were inspired by the group of BYU professors and by our own love for chocolate—and we decided to try some chocolate tasting, too.

Garnish's Results

Amedei
$12.00 for 3.52 ounces
Creamy and slightly tangy with a mild chocolate taste.

32%

Scharffen Berger
$3.99 for 3 ounces
Smooth and creamy, with a very vanilla taste; it doesn't melt too fast, and the flavor can be savored.

41%

Michel Cluizel
$6.69 for 3.5 ounces
Has a creamy, exotic flavor—tangy and fruity with a sour aftertaste; of the chocolates we tasted, this one was the most balanced.

64%

Gran Couva
$6.49 for 2.6 ounces
Initially chalky, with a bitter taste and an odd texture; strong taste of soy and sugar; you have to work to chew it.

64%

Amano
$6.95 for 2 ounces
Crunchy, chalk-like texture; dry on your teeth; extremely sour and bitter flavor; dissolves in your mouth as you eat it.

70%

El Ray
$3.49 for 2.8 ounces
Rich, woody flavor with an intense chocolate taste.

73.5%

How much *Chocolate* is in each bite?

What do those percentages mean on the wrapper? They indicate the fraction of the bar, by weight, that comes from the cacao bean—either cacao solids or cacao butter. The higher the percentage, the more chocolate you are eating in each bite. The rest of the bar is usually made of sugar, vanilla, soy lecithin, and milk (in the case of milk chocolate).

All of our chocolates were purchased at Tony Caputo's Market and Deli in Salt Lake City.

Chocolate BBQ Sauce

Yield: 2 cups
Prep time: 30 minutes
Total time: 50 minutes

3 tablespoons tomato paste
3 tablespoons yellow mustard
1½ cups water
½ cup apple cider vinegar
2 tablespoons dark corn syrup
1 tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
1 tablespoon firmly packed light brown sugar
1 tablespoon extra virgin olive oil
½ cup finely chopped onion
1 tablespoon chili powder
1½ teaspoons dry mustard
1½ teaspoons paprika
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 ounce 71 percent bittersweet chocolate, finely chopped
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper

1. In a medium bowl, whisk together the tomato paste and yellow mustard until smooth. Add the water, vinegar, corn syrup, lemon juice, and both sugars. Whisk until combined, and set aside.

2. In a medium saucepan, place the olive oil over medium heat. Add the onion and sauté for 1 minute. Add the garlic and cook until softened, about 2 minutes. Stir in the chili powder, dry mustard, paprika, and cayenne. Then stir for 1 minute, or until the spices are fragrant. Add the tomato paste mixture, stir to combine, and bring to a boil. Lower the heat and simmer for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally.

3. Remove from heat. Stir in the chocolate, and season with salt and pepper.

Chocolate Peanut Butter Gianduja

Yield: 12–14 bars
Prep time: 20 minutes
Total time: 4 hours 30 minutes

Crunchy Layer

2½ ounces 41 percent milk chocolate, coarsely chopped
¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons creamy peanut butter, at room temperature
2 cups finely crushed, thinly rolled butter cookies, such as pirouette or piroluxe

Creamy Layer

10 ounces 41 percent milk chocolate, coarsely chopped
½ cup creamy peanut butter, at room temperature
¾ cup whole milk
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup heavy cream
cocoa powder or chopped peanuts for garnish

Cut a 9x21-inch piece of parchment paper and line a 9x13x2-inch baking pan with the parchment, allowing it to extend evenly over the two short ends.

For the Crunchy Layer:

Combine the chocolate and peanut butter in the top of a double boiler and set it over gently simmering water. Stir occasionally until the chocolate has melted and the mixture is smooth. Remove from the heat and stir in the cookies, coating all the pieces with the chocolate mixture. Spread evenly on the bottom of the prepared baking pan. Set aside.

For the Creamy Layer:

1. Place the chocolate in the bowl of a stand mixer, and set it over a pot of gently simmering water. Stir occasionally until the chocolate is melted and smooth. Remove from the heat and add the peanut butter. Fit the mixer with the whisk attachment, set the bowl on the mixer, and whisk to combine the chocolate and peanut butter. Set aside.

2. In a small saucepan, bring the milk and salt to a boil, stirring continually to avoid burning the milk. Add half of the milk to the peanut butter mixture, and whisk until incorporated; then whisk in the remaining milk. Increase the speed to high and whip for 5 minutes or until the mixture is creamy and cooled to room temperature. Set aside.

3. In a clean bowl, whip the cream until soft mounds form; do not over-whip. Fold the cream into the peanut butter and milk mixture. Spread it over the crunchy layer in the pan. Cover the pan and freeze until set, at least 4 hours.

4. To serve, run a knife along the long sides of the dessert and lift it out of the pan using the parchment "handles." Cut into slices or other desired shapes. Dust with cocoa or sprinkle with chopped peanuts, place on serving plates, and let sit at room temperature for about 10 minutes to soften slightly.

Chocolate Chunk Cookies

Yield: 3 dozen cookies
Prep time: 30 minutes
Total time: 50 minutes

1¾ cups all-purpose flour
1 cup bread flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup unsalted butter, at room temperature
¾ cup granulated sugar
¾ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
2 large eggs
½ teaspoon pure vanilla extract
9 ounces 70 percent bittersweet chocolate, chopped into chip-sized chunks
2½ ounces 41 percent milk chocolate, chopped into chip-sized chunks

1. Position racks in the lower and upper third of the oven, and preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Line two baking sheets with parchment paper.

2. Sift together both flours, the baking soda, and the salt into a medium bowl. Set aside.

3. In the bowl of a stand mixer fitted with a paddle attachment, cream together the butter and both sugars on medium speed for about 5 minutes or until pale, light, and fluffy. Scrape down the sides and bottom of the bowl as necessary. Beat in the eggs and vanilla until thoroughly combined. Scrape down the bowl. Reduce the speed to low, add the dry ingredients, and mix until the flour is completely blended, scraping the bowl as necessary.

4. Remove the bowl from the mixer and fold in the chocolate chunks until evenly distributed. (The dough can be refrigerated, well wrapped, for up to 1 week or frozen for up to 1 month.)

5. Drop the dough by the heaping tablespoon, 2 inches apart, onto the prepared pans. Flatten each cookie slightly. Bake for 15 minutes or until golden, rotating the pans halfway through baking. Transfer the cookies with a spatula to a cooling rack to cool.

Fudgy Brownies

Yield: 12 two-inch brownies
Prep time: 30 minutes
Total time: 1 hour 15 minutes

6 tablespoons (3 ounces) unsalted butter, cut into cubes
8 ounces 70 percent bittersweet chocolate, coarsely chopped
¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 large eggs
⅓ cup all-purpose flour
½ cup toasted walnut halves

1. Position a rack in the lower third of the oven, and preheat the oven to 325 degrees. Cut an 8x16-inch piece of parchment paper. Lightly butter an 8x8x2-inch pan, and line it with the parchment paper, allowing it to extend evenly over the opposite sides. Butter the entire parchment, including the paper on the sides of the pan.

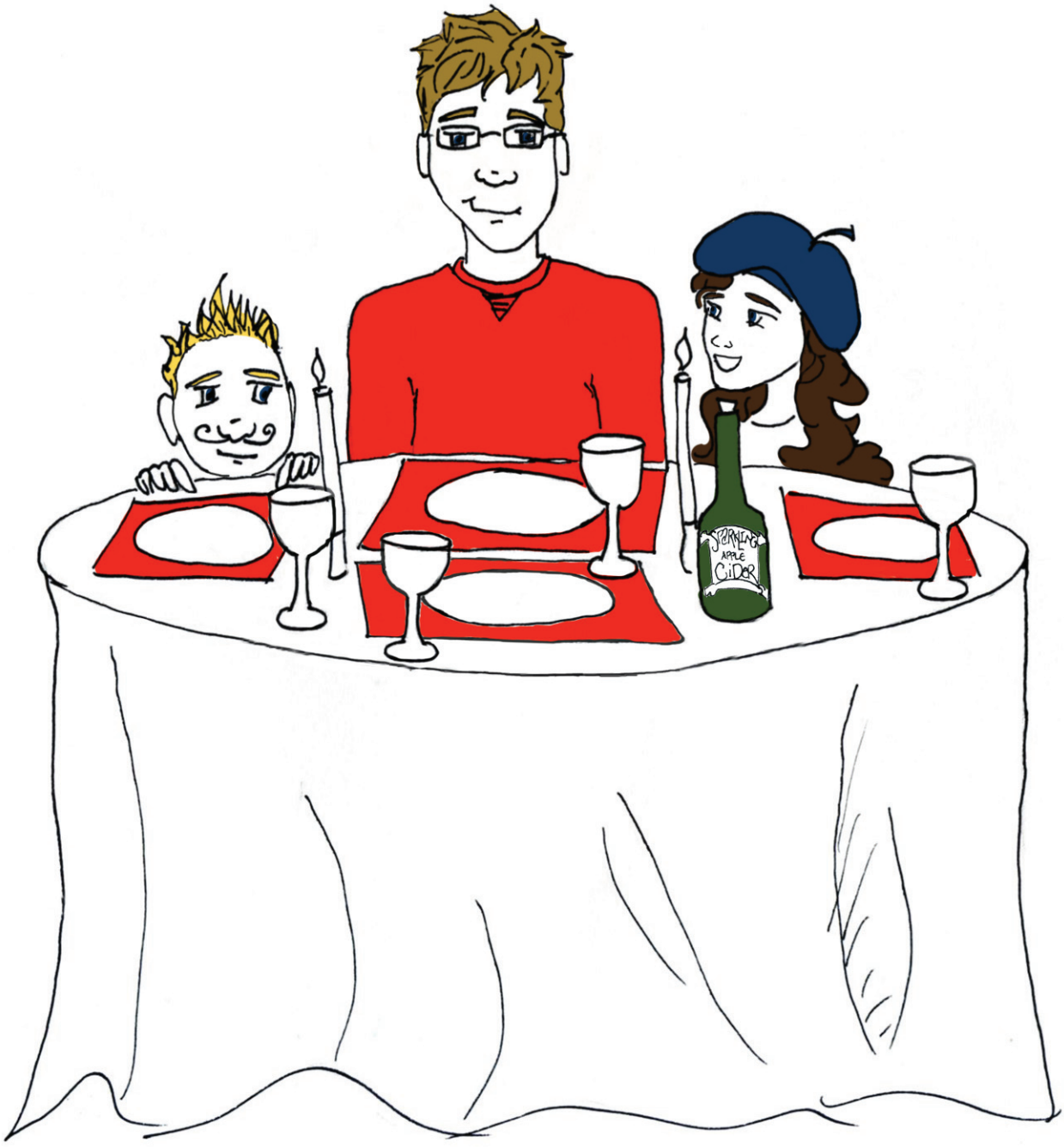
2. Place the chocolate and butter in a double boiler. Stir occasionally until melted and smooth. Remove from the heat.

3. With a large rubber spatula or a wooden spoon, beat the sugar and salt into the chocolate mixture. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Add the flour and mix vigorously until the batter is very glossy and easily pulls away from the sides of the bowl.

4. Break the nuts into large pieces over the batter; then fold them in.

5. Pour the batter into the prepared pan, and lightly tap the bottom of the pan on the countertop to level the batter. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes or until a skewer inserted in the center comes out moist but clean.

6. Let cool in the pan on a cooling rack for 10 minutes. Remove the brownies from the pan using the extra parchment paper as "handles." Cool completely on the rack before cutting into 2-inch squares.

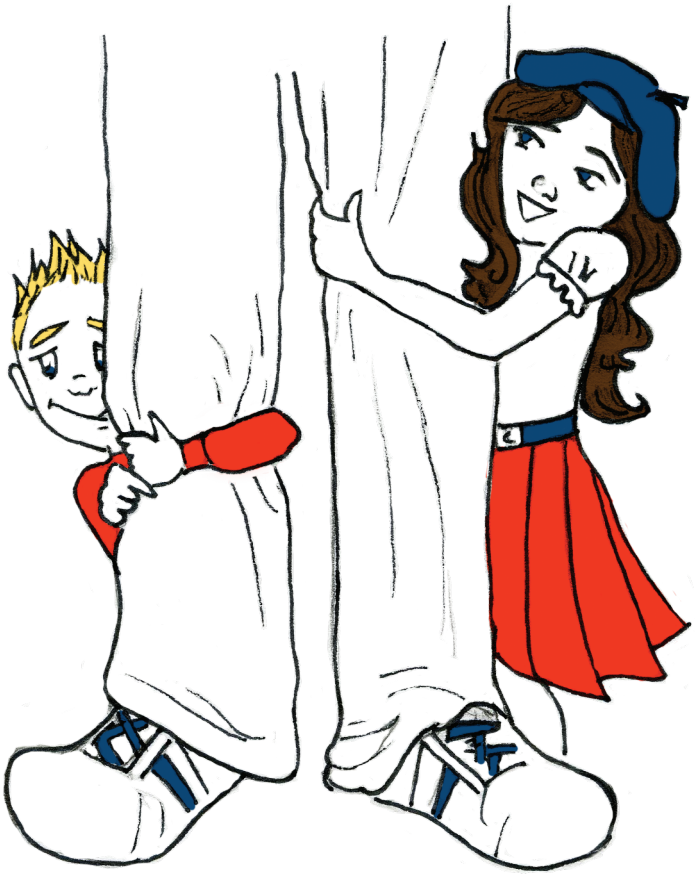

SPARKLING
APPLE
CIDER

The World at my Dinner Table

by Heather Jacobsen
illustrations by Jessi Young

"Guillotines, Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc, Madeline—oh yeah, and french toast and french fries," I told my mom. She had asked me what I knew about France. I was still in elementary school, but I had just finished reading about Marie Antoinette and the French Revolution. After reading my textbook, I wasn't so sure if I wanted to have anything to do with France. But I was a big fan of french toast and french fries, so I figured that the country couldn't be too bad; they had invented amazing foods.

It was 5:33 PM, and I couldn't wait to have dinner. Tonight was our semimonthly international dinner. Because my dad traveled a lot for work, Mom decided that dinner needed to be a time that we looked forward to spending together. So she began scheduling family dinners that were themed around the country my dad had just visited for work or—sometimes—the places my parents had vacationed together. During the last couple of months we had enjoyed dinners from Germany, Mexico, Japan, and Italy. Tonight's theme was France. I couldn't wait to try the new foods my mom had made with the ingredients I helped her pick out at the special European bakery and the grocery store.



I looked over at the beautiful table. The silver-etched china was set on a perfectly white, starched tablecloth. We were eating in the dining room, where we ate only on very special occasions. We were using the plates and glasses Mom and Dad received when they got married. Silver candlesticks gave off a soft glow in the room, and the candles' flames reflected off the bottles of sparkling cider, making each bottle glint streaks of emerald green. I couldn't wait to pour the cider into the crystal-fluted glasses.

"Heather, where's your beret?" Mom asked from behind me. I had almost forgotten! I ran up the seven carpeted stairs into my pink and white bedroom and grabbed the beret resting on my nightstand. It was tradition to dress up according to the style of the country being celebrated. I put my beret on and laughed at my younger brother, who was standing in the hallway with a curly eyeliner mustache on his upper lip.

Then the ground under my feet shook: the garage door was opening. Dad was home! My brother and I ran down the stairs and jumped into his arms to greet him. I was always so excited to see him. Dad grinned at me and asked, "So, what's for dinner?"

He took off his green and purple ski coat, and we went into the beautifully decorated dining room. I was so excited. Last month, when we had Japanese night, we had eaten on the floor. I had hated it. The dining room table, on the other hand, made me feel like I was grown-up and important.

Mom brought out the food. Her huge smile and sparkling blue eyes shone with satisfaction. She had a paintbrush in her apron pocket—she was a painter—and even that seemed to hint of French masterpieces. The food was on a silver filigreed tray. I couldn't tell what it was. I was almost too excited to breathe. But when Mom unveiled the food, I was confused. There was some ugly brown and yellow thing and some very flat pancakes in front of me.

Mom rolled her eyes at my look of disgust and said, "Tonight we are having crepes and quiche. Heather, you will love it. It is like you are eating breakfast and dessert at the same time, but for dinner!" She put a pathetic-looking pancake on my plate and helped me roll strawberries, whipped cream, and powdered sugar into the crepe; when I tried to cut into it with my fork the whip cream went shooting out. I laughed and took a huge bite. It was delicious. Now I loved France!

Then Mom put a piece of the yellow-green pie on my plate. She told me it was a cheese and broccoli quiche. I took a bite; the smooth egg and the sharp infusion of cheddar cheese and broccoli shocked me! It tasted like an extra-good omelet. Dad poured sparkling apple cider—our substitute for champagne—into my glass, and we toasted each other.

"Eric, what is a French word?" Dad asked from across the table.

"Oui, oui, mademoiselle," my brother proudly said.

"Great job," Dad responded. "Heather, what do you know?"

I smiled to myself—Mom had told me earlier what to say. "Je t'aime," I answered.

Dad smiled back at me and said, "Je t'aime."

Now, as a college student, I look back at those dinners with gratitude. They were the only time my whole family would sit and talk together. Mom said that she decided to start international dinners to give her something to anticipate—teaching her children about different foods and helping them learn about the countries their dad had visited.

Mom did not know it, but family dinners are incredibly important to the health of the family and each of its members. Over the years, a lot of scientific research has been conducted concerning the importance of family dinners. In 1943, James H. S. Bossard, a sociology professor from the University of Pennsylvania, wrote, "It is at the dining table, and particularly at dinner time, that the family is apt to be at its greatest ease, both physically and psychologically."[1] During dinners with my family, I was able to talk with my parents without any distractions; we didn't answer the phone, and we took the time to enjoy our food rather than running off as fast as we could to soccer or basketball practice.

Through family dinners, my family was able to grow closer and strengthen our relationships, proving that "mealtime is an opportune time for families to redirect their efforts in becoming one with each other."[2]

Mom pointed out that our dinners were a great way to learn about what was happening in each family member's life and learn the value of family time. Recent studies on family meals add weight to these sentiments:

> Food preparation and family meals in the home provide creative, satisfying, and effective daily opportunities for parents to love and serve their children. Feeding the family meets physical needs, develops a variety of skills, and fosters family traditions and cultural appreciation. It teaches family members to love and serve one another with respect and compassion.[3]

Making family meals a priority was one of the best ways to improve the relationships in my family. These international meals were fun, exciting, and full of surprises. They were a family activity, a learning tool, a way for my mother to make food fun for her children, and a way to bring variety into my mother's cooking life. My mom said, "Our dinners gave me something to look forward to because everyone was happy and talkative. It was a time to show that I loved my children." I felt the same way. Every month I would place stickers on the calendar for the nights of our international meals. It was something that I counted down to. It was something I wished would come faster. I couldn't wait to shop with my mom; I even read the ingredients for recipes that I had never heard of and sometimes couldn't even pronounce.

Whether I was wearing a kimono, wooden shoes, or a beret, I was always thrilled for our internationally themed dinners. They are the highlight of my childhood memories. I learned to love an assortment of foods, and I remember the unity and excitement that my family felt on those nights. Our French dinner didn't just teach me new words and cultural facts; it also taught me to appreciate the time I spent with my family. I grew closer to my siblings and parents. Now when people ask me what I know about France, I have more to think about than guillotines and french fries. Instead, I remember the happiness of my family as we sat around the dining room table together.

1. James H. S. Bossard, "Family Table Talk—An Area for Sociological Study," *American Sociological Review* 8, no. 3 (1943): 296.

2. David C. Dollahite, ed., *Strengthening the Family* (Provo, UT: Brigham Young University Press, 2000), 89.

3. Dollahite, *Strengthening the Family*, 89.

Crepes

Serves: 6–8
Prep time: 5 minutes
Total time: 25 minutes

2 large eggs
¾ cup milk
½ cup water
1 cup flour
3 tablespoons melted butter
butter for coating the pan

1. In a blender, combine all of the ingredients and pulse for 10 seconds. Place the crepe batter in the refrigerator for one hour. This allows the bubbles to subside so the crepes will be less likely to tear during cooking. The refrigerated batter will keep for up to forty-eight hours.

2. Heat a small nonstick pan. Add butter to coat. Pour 1 ounce of batter into the center of the pan, and swirl to spread evenly. Cook for 30 seconds and then flip the crepe. Cook for another ten seconds, and remove to the cutting board. Lay the crepes out flat so they can cool. Continue until all the batter is gone.

3. After the crepes have cooled, they can be stacked and stored in sealable plastic bags in the refrigerator for several days or in the freezer for up to two months. When using frozen crepes, thaw them on a rack before gently peeling them apart.

*Savory variation: Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ¼ cup chopped fresh herbs, spinach, or sun-dried tomatoes to the egg mixture.

*Sweet variation: Add 2½ tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, and 2 tablespoons of your favorite liquid flavoring to the egg mixture.

www.foodnetwork.com

Broccoli-Zucchini Cheddar Cheese Quiche

Serves: 8
Prep time: 10 minutes
Total time: 50 minutes

1 prepared pie crust or homemade pie crust
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
1 cup onion, chopped
1 cup shredded cheddar cheese
1½ cup frozen broccoli, defrosted
⅓ cup zucchini slices (use small zucchini)
¾ cup half-and-half
2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
pinch of pepper

1. Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Place a cookie sheet in the middle of the oven.

2. Prick the piecrust all over with a fork. Place the pie pan on the cookie sheet, and bake for 5 minutes in the preheated oven to set the crust.

3. While the crust is baking, heat the oil in a small skillet over medium high heat. Add the onions, and sauté them until lightly browned, 2 to 3 minutes. Set aside.

4. Remove the crust from the oven. Sprinkle the shredded cheese over the bottom of the piecrust; then add the onions. Place the broccoli florets with the stems facing the center around the outside of the crust. Lay the zucchini slices in an overlapping pattern toward the middle of the crust. Finally, add a couple of small florets in the center.

5. In a medium-sized bowl, combine the half-and-half, eggs and salt. Mix until smooth; then pour into the quiche pan. Return the pan to the oven.

6. Bake for 10 minutes. Then adjust the temperature down to 350 degrees and continue cooking until a knife inserted into the custard comes out clean, about 20 minutes. Remove and let the quiche stand for a few minutes before cutting.

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by Nancy Jones
photos by Scott and Nancy Jones

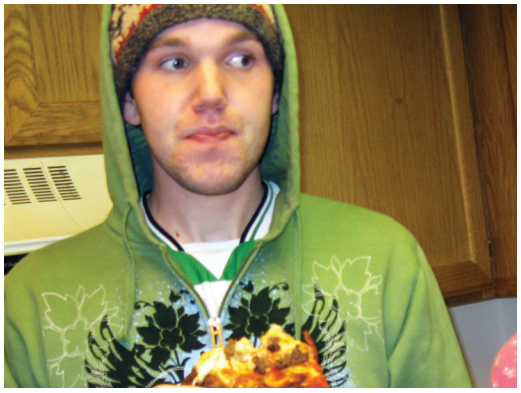
Rolling in the dough

Leland's Pizza Kitchen

40 cups of flour, 12 pizzas, 1 dough-man

Leland Fudge is a self-proclaimed wallflower. He prefers deep talks with close friends to bustling parties, and he would rather just sit back and watch when big groups get together—a little ironic for a guy who regularly invites the entire neighborhood over for a night's worth of homemade pizza.

I met Leland a few years ago when we lived in the same condos in Provo, Utah. I soon became familiar with Leland and his roommates, who bought food as a group and cooked together regularly—most notably, pizza. Even though they collectively funded the pizza parties, they always advertised them as Leland's Pizza Night. After my first taste of Leland's pizza, I was hooked.



Top row, from left:

Dude enjoys a slice of pepperoni pizza. It's a good idea to wait just a few minutes before cutting a pizza fresh from the oven; if you don't, you could have a cheesy mess as the slices melt back together. A variety of ingredients is important for making interesting pizzas. Leland teaches me how to work with the dough.

Second row, from left:

Sausage pizza is a hit every time. Neighbor stops in for a bite. The oven can bake two pizzas at a time. Meanwhile, the hungry crowd is happy to wait. Leland gets a twinkle in his eye telling the history of pizza night. The "pay-if-you-want-to" fund helps allay the cost of all those pizzas.

Pizza making is in Leland's family. He grew up in Thousand Oaks, California, where his Grandma Smith would make pizza—with her special crust—for him and his brothers whenever they visited. Then, as the legend goes, sometime around his freshman year of college, Leland and his mom made a pizza together. He remembers, "It was kind of like a date-night thing with my mom. My dad was at work. My little brothers were out of town or at friends' [houses], so we made a pizza. What was it? Sun-dried tomatoes, pesto, a little bit of Parmesan cheese. It was really, really, really good."

Since then he and his roommates, also from Thousand Oaks, have made it a tradition to invite people over and make lots of pizza. Sometimes they'd invite Thousand Oaks people for a reunion; sometimes it was all about having an excuse to invite girls over; sometimes the guests were friends from church. Always they used Grandma Smith's recipe for the dough, and always it meant a trip to Costco for cheese and toppings.

That's still how it's done, even though things have changed a little since Leland got married last year. Tonight, Leland and his wife are back at his old apartment with some old and some new friends. His former roommates who are still single joke that there are too many married people in the room, but everyone is glad to have the excuse to get together again. Derek, one of the former roommates, blasts his new "pizza night playlist" and gets some dough started. My husband and I watch carefully to learn the secrets of the dough because ours never turns out quite the same as Leland's.

But Leland insists that there are no secrets—just patience and practice. First, you let the yeast dissolve. Then you knead the dough for about ten minutes before you let it rise. You'll know you have kneaded enough when the dough is tacky and a bit sticky but no longer comes off onto your fingers like paste. And you have to use a pizza stone, he tells us, because that's what makes the crust nice and fluffy.

Even if he says there are no secrets, Leland is still the expert in the kitchen. That's what his wife, Tasha, likes about pizza night—seeing Leland in his "dough element." Though nothing gets done without his approval, he doesn't micromanage. Rather, everyone defers to his experience. All night long people are calling for Leland and asking if the pizza looks done, whether they should start some more dough, or if he thinks they should make another with pepperoni.

"Let's invite a heckload of people over and make ridiculous amounts of pizza."

Anyone who wants to can get involved. For instance, Leland laid a crust roundly upon a pizza stone covered with cornmeal and told me to dress it how I wanted. I put on plenty of cheese and then decided to make a meat pizza with pepperoni, ham, and Italian sausage. I remember previous pizza inventions made at parties where the counters were covered with bowls of green peppers, olives, onions, and mushrooms. I also remember experiments the guys made by using exciting alterations like barbeque or creamy Alfredo sauce instead of the traditional red sauce. Pizza night is always an adventure.

Each pizza is fairly inexpensive. Leland explains that when he and his friends were all single they bought groceries as an apartment anyway, so they had big fifty-pound bags of flour and five-pound bags of mozzarella for the first pizza nights. Leland still buys pizza supplies this way, making it "a dollar or fifty cents for the dough." So, once you figure in the cheese (which is the most expensive part) and the toppings, "homemade pizzas are probably about three dollars each."

To allay the cost, they put out an old ice cream tub labeled "Leland's Pizza Making Fund." It's a "pay-if-you-want-to kind of thing," as Leland describes it, and though

they usually collect between ten and twenty bucks, they never break even. Does Leland care? Not a bit. He shrugs and chuckles, "Oh, well. Still way worth it."

It is worth it. By 8:00 PM, it's a party. There are people everywhere. On the sofa, several newlywed couples clump together to catch up on their news. At the table, a few girls who used to live nearby are reminiscing and introducing their new friends to their old friends. Two guys are playing tennis on the Nintendo Wii. Quite a few people are crammed in the kitchen to help with pizza assembly at one stage or another. It gets especially crowded around the counter as a fresh ham and pineapple pizza is taken from the oven and cut into generous slices. You have to be careful not to cut a pizza too soon, though, warns Leland, because if you cut it fresh out of the oven, the cheese melts the slices back together and you have a real mess.

"On any given night, Leland may make more than twelve pizzas."

The cheese mess doesn't matter to most of the friends here tonight, however, so we all dig in. My only complaint is that I don't have an appetite large enough to sample a slice from every pizza.

But I do make sure to leave a little room for the Brazilian sweet pizza. Brandon, one of the Thousand Oaks roommates, lived in Brazil for a while and brought this recipe back with him. It has become a standing feature at pizza night. Nivea, a neighbor who is from Belo Horizonte, Brazil, tells me she was born eating it.

"It's really easy," Nivea brags.

And it is. You use the exact same crust as any other pizza. But instead of using tomato sauce and cheese, you pour a can of sweetened condensed milk over the dough, cover it with banana slices, and dust it with cinnamon. Then drizzle another layer of the sweetened milk over the top when it comes out of the oven. Though it seems like a surprising combination, it tastes amazing.

On any given pizza night, Leland may make more than twelve pizzas. Tonight there are at least ten. That's more than forty cups of flour. This is the part that impresses my husband. In near reverence, he says, "The sheer volume! It's not just, 'Let's invite four people over,' it's 'Let's invite a heckload of people over and make ridiculous amounts of pizza.'"

Though there are ridiculous amounts of amazingly good pizza, most people here tonight would probably come even if it weren't so tasty.

They come and go all evening long. The shoes and coats piled in the entry give only a vague estimate of how many people are partying at a given time. Some were here before the first pizza was in the oven and will stay until the last pizza is consumed so they can help clean up. Some came for only a little while to see old friends. Some heard about pizza night and came for a slice of the famous pizza, if only to say hi to Leland. Though he is quiet, Leland's generous nature has won him a wide circle of friends.

As we head out around 10:00 PM, there are still little groups conversing in the living room and several "pizza students" in the kitchen being coached by Leland on how to shape a ball of dough into a pizza crust. Leland is an encouraging teacher and a gracious host who likes taking care of people. He rushes to the door to say good night to a pair of first-timers who are leaving.

I can only imagine what an ordeal it is for Leland to collect his pizza stones and random ingredients, take them to his old apartment, and then be stuck in the kitchen making crisp, delicious pizzas for people to eat while they socialize. But he doesn't seem to mind. I ask Leland why he keeps doing pizza night—why he likes it. His answer is simple but satisfying: "People enjoy it. It's good pizza."

The dough progresses slowly, waiting for skilled hands to knead it to the perfect stickiness; once it's finished rising to about two times its original size, the dough is ready to be worked into a crust and placed upon the prepared pizza stone. Add toppings, bake until it's sizzling, and then eat it!

Grandma Smith's Pizza Dough

Serves: 4
Prep time: 5 minutes
Total time: 1 hour 5 minutes (includes 30 minutes rising time)

1 tablespoon yeast
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup warm water
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 teaspoon salt
2–3 cups flour

1. Preheat the oven to 425 degrees. Dissolve yeast and sugar in warm water, and let yeast activate for 5 minutes.

2. Add oil, salt, and 1½ cups of flour to the yeast mixture. Knead dough, adding flour as needed, until dough is sticky to the touch but does not stick to your fingers, about 10 minutes.

3. Let dough rise for 30 minutes. Dough is ready when your finger leaves a dent or impression after touching it.

4. Spread dough onto pizza stone sprinkled with cornmeal. Add sauce and toppings. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 minutes or until cheese is melted and crust is golden. For a thick crust, or if you are not using a pizza stone, pre-cook your flattened dough for 10 minutes before adding sauce or toppings.

Brazilian Sweet Pizza

Serves: 6
Prep time: 55 minutes (includes 45 minutes of dough making)
Total time: 1 hour 10 minutes

1 can (14 oz) sweetened condensed milk
2 medium-sized bananas, sliced to ½″ thickness
1 round of Grandma Smith's Pizza Dough
cinnamon

1. Press dough into pizza stone sprinkled with cornmeal. Turn up the corners to prevent sweetened condensed milk from spilling over the edges. Spread ¾ of can of sweetened condensed milk over the prepared dough. Cover with sliced bananas and dust with cinnamon.

2. Bake at 375 degrees until dough is cooked through and the bananas are golden around the edges, about 10 minutes. Drizzle remaining sweetened condensed milk over cooked pizza.

the sweetest remedy

Honey's Secret Benefits

by Tasha Priddy

Biochemist Peter Molan's wife had a rather stubborn boil on her buttocks. Since pharmaceutical remedies had failed to eradicate it, Molan heated a bit of manuka honey in the microwave and applied it to his trusting wife's boil. The liquefied honey seared her skin. "Fortunately, manuka is effective in treating burns as well as boils," the biochemist cheerfully reported. Molan made no mention as to whether his wife was also cheerful. Despite the pain this treatment caused, the honey soon accomplished what modern medicines could not: the boil, along with the burn, was soon healed.[1]

Ancient Uses

Honey was never intended to be just another sandwich topping; rather, it has been used to heal ailments of the body and soul for thousands of years. But only in recent history have scientists discovered the innate properties of honey that prove these previously anecdotal methods scientifically sound.

Historically, a spoonful of honey didn't just help the medicine go down—it was the medicine. Ancient cultures also used honey as a salve to heal burns, as a main ingredient in Cleopatra-era cosmetics,[2] and, when mixed with other substances such as the dirt of the Nile, as a paste that was rubbed on sore eyes to heal them.[3] Ancient physicians had only empirical evidence and old wives' tales to demonstrate the effectiveness of their products, but the fact that they used honeyed remedies time and time again suggests that these remedies must have worked well.

The use of honey was widespread. Evidence of honey's historic use has been found from Egypt to Spain and from India to New Zealand. Its independent use by people in countries throughout the world also indicates that it was a successful treatment of ailments and illnesses, or at least more successful than other proto-penicillin cures of the time.

Present-day Benefits

Modern science has discovered evidence that validates many historical honey remedies. Seventy-six-year-old Pat Kane was suffering from a superbug infection—Methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus (MRSA)—that was contaminating his leg. In 2006, after a year-long treatment of antibiotics proved unsuccessful in treating his ailment, Kane heard from his chiropractor about an "ancient Maori antidote"—a treatment involving a salve made from manuka honey. After administering honey to his wound, Kane said that his leg began healing "in less than six weeks."[4]

Kane used the same type of honey—manuka—to treat his MRSA infection as Peter Molan used to treat his wife's boil and subsequent burn. Manuka honey, which is harvested in New Zealand, tends to work better than, say, the honey that comes in the teddy bear jar at the grocery store. However, *Washington Post* columnist Eric Frederick Trump says:

> All honey is medicinal to some extent. Its low water content allows it to draw fluid away from wounds; its high sugar content makes it difficult for microorganisms to grow. What's more, worker bees secrete an enzyme, glucose oxidase, into nectar, which releases low levels of the disinfectant hydrogen peroxide when honey makes contact with a damp surface such as a wound. [5]

So even if you don't happen to have manuka sitting in your pantry, you're not out of luck. Your grocery store honey can still treat minor—sometimes major—illnesses and injuries.

Ten-year-old Kristina Larson experienced regular honey's restorative powers firsthand. When Kristina received a deep cut on her knee, she knew only one thing: she didn't want stitches. Since her mother had been reading about alternative cures—including honey—and their benefits, the two decided to try out the natural remedy rather than take a trip to the doctor's office. "We just used normal grocery-store honey—the kind that comes in a bear-shaped container," Kristina, now 22, recalls. "It didn't take a lot of honey. . . . I think we covered it with a clean gauze pad, and I just left it on." Within two weeks Kristina's cut had healed fully and, thanks to honey's antimicrobial properties, had not become infected. "I would recommend using honey for minor to moderate cuts," Kristina says, but she acknowledges that, although the treatment was successful for her smaller cut, a medical professional is likely better suited to treat more serious wounds.

And cuts aren't the only thing everyday honey can heal: Becca Johnson, a vocal performance major at Brigham Young University, uses honey frequently for an entirely different purpose. For Johnson, each school day is filled with long vocal technique classes that push the limits of her vocal chords. She is also a member of the BYU Singers, a group that rehearses intensely—and daily—to prepare for concerts. After school she goes home and continues singing to memorize and practice what she has learned. With all the singing Johnson's day requires, even a slight cold or injury to the vocal chords could prove catastrophic to her schedule. When she feels herself coming down with something, Johnson heads to the pantry.

"I use honey a lot," she says. "Honey always had its place in some sort of tea. Heat up regular honey, a bit of water, and a lot of lemon juice and just drink it. . . . There's something soothing about it."

Clearly, ancient physicians had this remedy right. Honey is useful for much more than we realize as we let it crystallize in the back of the cupboard. These new applications of old wisdom prove the methods effective, offering relevance and logic to historic cures. Honey, in some cases, can even do things that today's latest medicines can't accomplish.

So whether you have a boil, an MSRA infection, or a sore throat, perhaps honey can help. And isn't that just sweet?

"honey is useful for much more than we realize"

Honey-Lemon Tea

1 cup water
2 teaspoons honey
1 teaspoon lemon juice
sugar to taste

Pour water into a mug. Add honey, and heat in the microwave for 1 minute and 30 seconds. Stir in lemon juice, mixing until honey is dissolved; then stir in the sugar.

www.allrecipes.com

Granola

Servings: 8
Prep time: 15 minutes
Total time: 45 minutes

¾ cup honey
⅓ cup melted butter or vegetable oil
1 teaspoon salt
4 cups oats
1 cup coconut
1 cup slivered almonds or walnuts

Optional ingredients:
1 cup raisins or dates
1 tablespoon cinnamon sprinkled over uncooked oatmeal

1. Combine honey, butter, and salt. Set aside.

2. Combine oats, coconut, and nuts in a large bowl. Pour honey mixture over oats mixture. Stir until well integrated.

3. Spread granola over jelly roll pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes stirring once.

Honey-Ginger Salmon

Servings: 2
Prep time: 10 minutes
Total time: 40 minutes

¼ cup honey
2 teaspoons ground ginger
½ cup soy sauce
¼ cup rice vinegar
¼ cup vegetable oil
2 eight-ounce salmon filets

1. Mix honey, ginger, soy sauce, vinegar, and vegetable oil with a fork. Salt and pepper to taste.

2. Place salmon filets in a shallow baking dish lined with aluminum foil. Pour honey mixture over salmon.

3. Bake uncovered for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with remaining sauce over rice.

types of honey

Manuka Honey

Manuka honey, also known as medicinal honey, is traditionally harvested in New Zealand. It's a monofloral honey, which means that the nectar used to create the honey comes predominately from only one type of flower. Although manuka doesn't taste as sweet as other types of honey, it does have higher antimicrobial properties, which makes it more effective at treating wounds. It can be purchased online at websites such as www.oraganic.com and www.manukahoneyusa.com.

Raw Honey

Raw honey refers to honey that, once removed from the beehive, is not strained or heated. Essentially, it is sold as-is. Some allergy sufferers claim that, because of the trace amounts of pollen that remain in the honey, it is an effective treatment for hay fever and other allergies. In addition to containing pollen, raw honey sometimes includes traces of honeycomb or wax. Raw honey can be found by searching online for stores that service your region. If you're living in Utah, for example, try www.cowenhoney.com to find local raw honey.

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3. Frances Stead Sellers, "Honey's Long History as a Salve, Ointment," Newsday *[Long Island], August 14, 2007, B15.*

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Healing in Anne Tyler's *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*

Nourishing our minds is just as important as nourishing our bodies. Many authors bring these two elements together in stories that use food as the nucleus for actions and ideas. Anne Tyler does just that in this month's "Food for Thought" literature choice: *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*.

Families that get along well are more likely to eat together; families that eat together are more likely to get along well. In her novel *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*, Anne Tyler explores ways the Tulls, a dysfunctional family, come to see how valuable mealtime can be as they find redemption and reconciliation in the healing process of eating together.

When her husband leaves her, Pearl is left to raise and support three children—Cody, Ezra, and Jenny—by herself. Bitter about her circumstances, Pearl uses dinnertime to accuse, demean, and physically attack her children, and as a result, they learn to dread family mealtimes. As Cody says, "Whenever there was a family argument, [Pearl] most often chose to start it over dinner" (160). Eating in the Tull house is never a pleasant experience.

But when Ezra takes a job as a salad boy for the fancy Scarlatti's restaurant, he comes to find the comfort and solace he lacked at home in the busy kitchen, surrounded by good smells and an infinite supply of food. Ezra becomes Mrs. Scarlatti's business partner and eventually takes over the restaurant. He does everything he can to make the restaurant not feel like a restaurant; Ezra wants his guests to feel as if they are eating at home—in a safe, nurturing environment.

He eventually discards the old menus altogether and puts up a chalkboard to list the day's specials. He does most of the cooking himself. On a whim, he tears down the wall separating the kitchen from the dining room, exposing all the workings of the kitchen to the guests, because he doesn't want the guests to feel disconnected from the chefs and the action of the kitchen. He believes food, particularly its preparation and consumption, should bring people together, not separate them.

By the time Ezra finishes reinventing the restaurant, he has replaced all the "somber-suited waiters with cheery, motherly waitresses" (122). He has also begun serving newly invented dishes every day and has changed the restaurant's name to the "Homesick Restaurant." Ezra "[circulates] among the diners . . . [and urges] upon them his oyster stew, his artichoke salad, his spinach bisque and his chili bean soup and his gizzard soup that was made with love" (129). He takes on the role of a mother tending to her hungry children, making sure they are filled with warm and comforting foods.

Ezra longs for a happy family and finds a close substitute in running his restaurant like a family kitchen. The Homesick Restaurant serves as a surrogate for an absent or a troubled family; it helps people feel at home and find bonds among their fellow diners. And despite all the years of anger, abuse, neglect, and hurt, there is even a chance for the Tull family to reconcile at the Homesick Restaurant.

In this moving story about the troubles and triumphs of family life, Tyler tutors readers in the inherent healing power of eating good food together. *Charlotte Tidwell*

Tyler, Anne. *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*. New York: Ballantine, 2004. Paperback, $14.95, 336 pages.

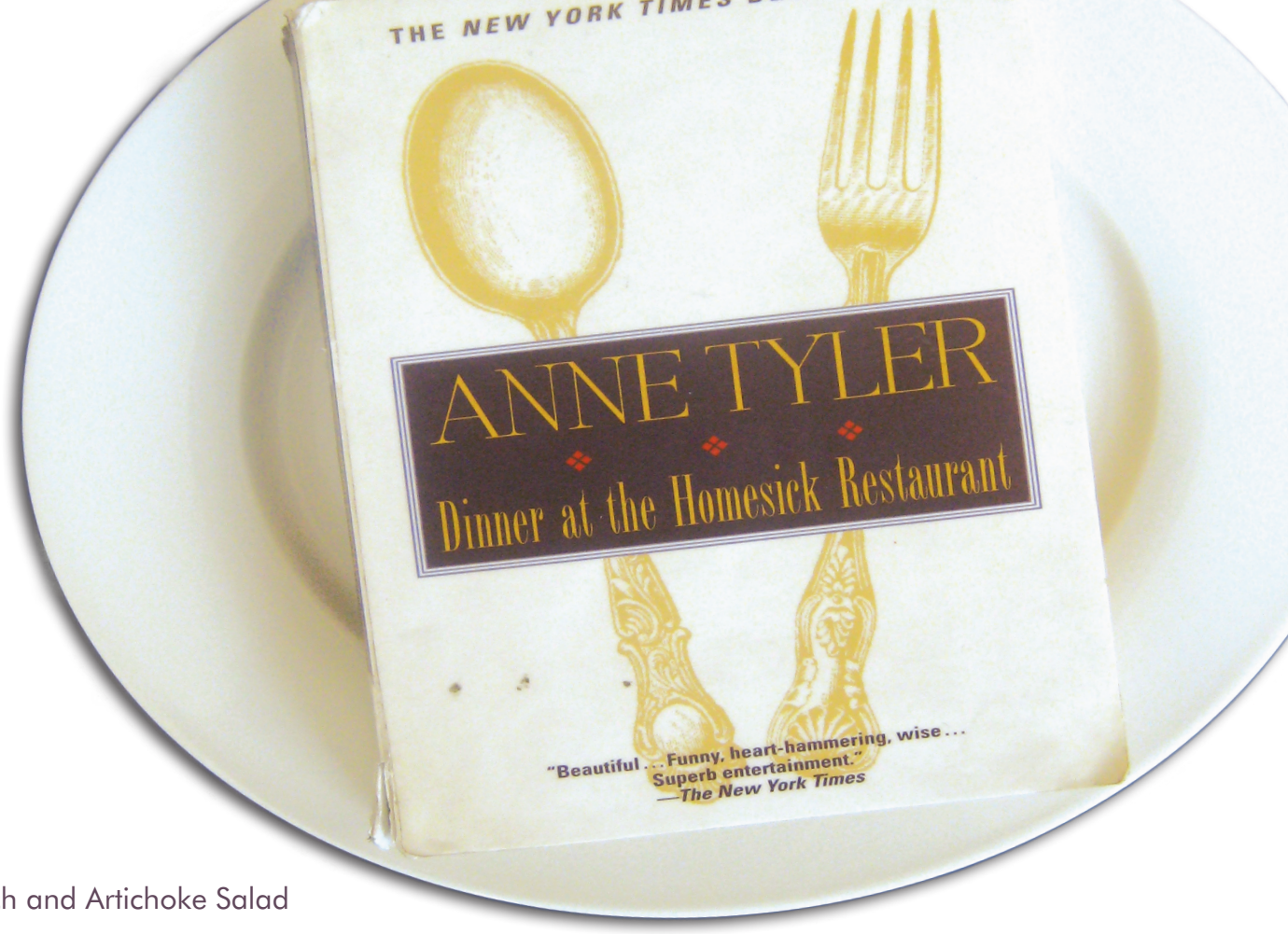

photo of book by Kaitlyn Tolman

Spinach and Artichoke Salad

Serves: 6
Prep Time: 15 minutes
Total Time: 25 minutes

¾ pound (4 to 5 cups) packaged baby spinach
2 (15-ounce) cans artichoke hearts packed in water, drained and sliced
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
2 teaspoons lemon zest
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
¼ to ⅓ cup extra-virgin olive oil
¾ cup shredded Parmigiano-Reggiano
salt and pepper

1. Toss spinach and artichokes together until well combined.

2. Place garlic, lemon zest, and lemon juice in small dish and add vinegar. Let mixture stand for 5 minutes, then whisk the oil into the mixture.

3. Pour oil and vinegar dressing over salad and toss to combine. Salt and pepper to taste. Top the salad with cheese and serve.

Recipe adapted from Rachael Ray Show: 30 Minute Meals, *Episode: "Enough to Go Around"*

Hungry souls are fed with Ezra's artichoke salad in Anne Tyler's *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*.

Try this fresh mix of the exotic and the familiar.

in the kitchen

"I'm not good at this, Mom," I said, the soft dough in my hand sticking together instead of twisting into the delicate shape I had intended to form.

I watched my mother's small hands perform several complicated twists and turns as she replied, "You don't have to be good at it, sweetie. You just have to try. Don't let your fear dictate your actions." I swallowed my tears, closed my eyes, and attempted to twist the dough once more. When I opened my eyes, I found myself staring at a malformed lump of dough. "It's beautiful," Mom said.

Most of my childhood memories involve me sitting on the white Formica counter in the kitchen where I watched my mom care for our family—spiritually, physically, and nutritionally—with confidence and love. I remember wishing to be just like her when I grew up. Instead, I got my father's large hands. I was also awkward and plagued with self-doubt—fear of failure kept me from trying anything new, especially those intricate dishes Mom made daily that I admired so much. Until that day with the rolls, I had given my fear precedence over everything else; I had let it dictate all of my actions.

But that day, as I rolled out the rest of the dough, *nearly* perfected the twisting of the dough into its pretzel-like design, and watched the rolls rise in the oven, I knew that I had found my healing balm. Mom and I bonded over the calming influence of this act of creation. We talked and laughed and shared and loved. I opened up to her in ways I never had before. Physically I was twisting up the dough, but emotionally I was untwisting my insides, my thoughts, and my fears.

From that day on, I used baking as a kind of therapy—the kitchen became a place to clear my mind. I could chop chocolate to get my frustrations out, knead dough to get my creative juices flowing, watch butter melt and imagine all of my problems melting away with it. Measuring ingredients became a way of measuring what was truly important in my life; finding the best way to put ingredients together became a way to discover how to put my life together.

When I was baking, I felt at ease. Baking became an opportunity to think better of myself, not a time to second-guess myself or fret over my mistakes. When I was baking, nothing else mattered—not that test, or that boy, or that fear. Baking calmed me and soothed me, and somewhere along the way, it taught me to love myself. It taught me to realize that failing isn't failure, that beauty really is in the eye of the beholder, and that it is trying—not being perfect—that matters. In life, I found many opportunities to doubt myself, but in baking I found a nonjudgmental friend.

"It's beautiful," Mom had said that day, referring to my lump of yellow-white dough.

"It is," I replied, referring to my lump of self-realization.

Kaitlyn Tolman

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For grocery lists and other planning helps and tips visit

www.garnishmagazine.com

Good for the heart.

Good luck today.

I'll be rooting for you!

I love you, Jack